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# HOUSEHOLD STUFF,

AND

## SOME OTHER THINGS.

( *by Eliza Wright* )

SET UP BY

IDA RUSSELL WRIGHT.

BOSTON:

1866.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by

SUSAN CLARK WRIGHT,

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B. H.

370,818

Dec. 3, 1885



## PRINTER'S PREFACE.

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SOME of these things have been in type before, as contributions to various periodicals. Most of them are strictly domestic, and are printed only because the family by which they are cherished is getting dispersed. If any of Pa's particular friends should do him and me the honor to look over this volume, they will please overlook what is below par, and attribute it to want of capital rather than of enterprise on my part.

I. R. W.



## DEDICATION.

There's nothing always sober—  
No—even the delving crowbar  
Indulgeth sometimes in a dance galvanic;  
Fits, too, of sonorous joy, or panic,  
Have had grave Monsieur and his Madam,  
In human chimney-nook, since Adam.  
The lubber porpoises are sometimes frisky,  
Leaping from ocean wholly into clear sky;  
The great solar system hath its frolics,  
Its caperers in strange parabolics,  
    By fun, fireworks and levity,  
    Routing all planetary gravity.  
Yea, the sad clouds, mayhap at eventide,  
Do their tears, crape and mourning lay aside,  
Flocking down to the Sun's tea-party,

All jocund, clean-faced and hearty,  
His majesty finding for the whole horizon  
The splendoriest dresses you ever laid eyes on,—  
All which incontestably proveth,  
That us married folks it behoveth  
To make our life what they call mosaic,  
By mixing in with the dull and dark prosaic  
More or less of fun, fancy and frolic,  
And whatever else is anti-melancholic.  
Hence to you, my dear she-mate,  
This blank book I dedicate,  
To catch our own musie's dribblings  
In her own wayward scribblings—  
And if her art cosmetic  
Smacketh little of poetic,  
Why, tell carping noddies  
The business is nobody's.

HUB.



## MARY VASHON'S BIRTH-DAY.

September 5th, 1838.

---

Heigh ho; little bubs,  
My two cannie cubs,  
A song, a song I wis,  
Must welcome today  
One who comes this way,  
Your tiny little sis.

And what will you do,  
Little brothers two,  
The song must be so wee;  
As true as I live,  
You will have to give  
Some little bird a fee.

And what little bird  
In the leafies heard,  
Hath got the sweetest throat;  
The coo-cooing dove  
Talketh but of love,  
And that's a tender note.

## HOUSEHOLD STUFF.

And the twitter twee  
Could n't sweeter be  
Than round the swallow's nest.  
And the trilling thrush,  
Spirit of the bush,  
Can tune it with the best.

But the bird as true  
As his coat is blue  
Shall be of all our choice—  
Coming first in spring,  
With glad welcoming,  
His is the dearest voice.

Turtle twittle twee,  
Softly singeth he,  
And flaps his little wings;  
While his faithful mate  
Early sits and late,  
And drinks the song he sings.

For no other fee  
Than to let him be,  
He'll give our Sis a song  
From his sunny stump,  
For he has the bump  
Of loving what is young.

[The Blue-Bird singeth.]

Welcome here,  
Little dear,  
To your brothers two—  
Funny boys  
Full of noise  
As I ever knew.

Much will they  
Think of a  
Little tiny Sis,  
And their love  
Oft they'll prove  
By a bonny kiss

Jealousy  
Shall not be  
Spoiler of your dance,  
Though, mayhap,  
The wee chap  
Looketh now askance.

Wonders he  
Much to see—  
Little chubby chap—  
A smaller yet  
Crying sit  
On his mother's lap.

But him still  
Mother will  
Cherish in her brood—  
In the pair  
He shall share  
Equal baby-hood.

By and by  
We shall spy  
Some inportant airs—  
Little folks,  
Void of jokes,  
Taking mighty cares.

Baby sis,  
Scholar miss,  
Shall his lessons con,  
Learn to walk  
And to talk,  
Well from him as John.

Oh the bright  
Pretty sight  
It will be to see  
Brothers bland  
Hand in hand  
With a sis so wee;



HOUSEHOLD STUFF.

7.

P.N. (The Blue Bird's Post Notes.),  
September 1, 1840.

Turtle twee!  
Don't I see  
Two wee sisters more  
Than were here  
In the year  
When I sang before?

Brothers, why!  
Where was I  
When your "Tiny" came?  
Now to miss  
Such a sis,—  
Was n't it a shame?

Twee, twee, tweet!:  
Oh, how sweet  
Are her loving smiles!  
Such to spy  
I would fly  
Twice a thousand miles.

And as long  
As my song  
May her sweetness live:  
Such a grace  
To her face  
Nothing else could give.

Who is she,  
Weest wee,  
This September brings?  
One so light  
And so bright  
Surely must have wings.

Now I pray  
That you may  
All together thrive :—  
But adieu;  
Seeing you  
Brings to mind my five.

## CARMINATIVE,

Dedicated to  
CHARLES STORRS WRIGHT.

As sleeps the safely folded flower  
Or doveling in its nest;  
As sleeps the downy Halcyon  
Upon the wavelet's crest;  
Or cherub in his balmy bower,  
Taking his heavenly rest;  
So sleep my darling little one,  
Upon thy mother's breast.

Before the sun of life shall drink  
The dew-drop of thy morn;  
Before thy heart shall hive the cares  
That rush from Plenty's horn,  
Or maddening sting upon the brink  
Of poverty and scorn,  
O! take the peace that childhood shares  
With spirits heavenly born!

The breast that heaves so gently now  
With satisfaction's sigh,  
Must stem at length a troubled tide  
Of wishes wild and high—  
Ambition's wreath will tempt thy brow,  
While pleasure lures the eye;  
And Passion's storm may waft thee wide  
From joys that satisfy.

O! that my song upon thy heart  
Might lasting peace impress,  
Which e'er among the ways of men  
And toil and danger's stress  
Might such sweet, healing dreams impart  
As now thy cradle bless;  
And bind thee fast to goodness when  
Temptations sore oppress.

Then would the shocks and shears of fate  
Assault thy soul in vain;  
The storm would make thy heart like flowers  
Beneath the summer rain,  
Would give thee fruits of love from hate,  
And pleasure out of pain,  
As one among the higher powers  
Beyond the reach of stain.



Eternal life is ever free,  
And doubters only die.  
If thou wouldst live, my boy, be true,  
And every wrong defy.  
Thy lot with Jesus then may be.  
The world may crucify.  
But every saint it ever slew.  
It worshipped by and by.

To three little graves, beneath the plain sod, — one  
in Hudson, Ohio, and two in the Dutch Reformed bury-  
ing ground, Brooklyn, N.Y.

---

Those little graves of our embalmed three,  
They need not mound, nor stone, nor pensile tree  
To sanctify or guard them from decay,  
Such tokens were almost a mockery now —  
Idols to which deluded sense might bow, —  
Beclouding, fraudulent effigies, for they —  
The little graves — dwell not in space but time,  
Than aught of earth in essence more sublime.  
The blessing of the closing blissful eye,  
The meaning of the last — last sigh,  
God's nearness as the gentle spirit rose,  
These are the graves — on these affection strows  
Her daily flowers. — Firm in the changeless past,  
These dear, unmouldering, smiling graves shall ever last.

[ An advertisement in case it should be needed. ]

Oh gentle folks who cram the city,  
And country folks more prone to pity,  
Pray listen to this woful ditty,

For, lack a day!

Two babes, the prettiest of the pretty,  
Have run away!

'Tis strange to us they should have gone so,—  
Who ever heard that babes would run so? —  
Especially they should have done so

From out our dwelling, —

But then the little chubs loved fun so,  
There is no telling.

The fugitives are Bub and Sis,  
And both are in their teens, we wis,  
Though not in rolling years it is

The wee things reckon —

Oh heavens! to find them should we miss,  
How we should take on!

And sure you'll think it very queer,  
Kind people, when you come to hear,  
That neither babe for which we spier  
Can wag a trotter, —  
The oldest, in his second year,  
Is but a squatter.

But Charley's been a roguish chap,  
And Sis cut capers on the lap,  
And both of them might know mayhap,  
More than we thought for.  
O for a picture, at a slap,  
To show what's sought for!

The boy distinct from every other  
May be described with little bother;  
All but the wings, he's plainly brother  
To Master Cupid. —  
The bouncing darling of his mother,  
Though fat, not stupid.

His face is oval, full and bright,  
And from its apex gleams the light,  
High raised above those orbs of sight  
Half shut with frolic,  
Whose flash, the while, must put to flight  
The melancholic.



Why now, those fringed starry streaks,  
That funny nose, the perch of freaks,  
Those chubby, cheery, cherub cheeks,  
    With one such dimple,  
In chorus laugh—who e'er mistakes  
    Must be a simple.

That mouth too, open like a bow,  
Just lets you see, four in a row,  
The wee bit, precious pearls below  
    His upraised lip;  
With which, and four beneath, we know,  
    He's wont to nip.

Of course, he wears a double chin;  
His hair is silky, light and thin,  
And here and there the curls begin,  
    More neat than showy.  
Nathless, the occiput is seen  
    A little towy.

This laughing baby should you meet  
Squat on the floor or in the street,  
And kindly offer him to greet,  
    Long face he'll draw;  
And bow his head between his feet,  
    Struck dumb with awe.

Alack! that serious, solemn face,  
As grave as judge in murder case,  
Each marble feature in its place  
                    'Twixt laugh and cry;  
And, blazing out on vacant space,  
                    That sloe-black eye

Betoken that of knowledge tree,  
The child hath eaten, well as we,  
And learnt what's what in folks to see.  
                    Hence at a stranger,  
His babyship's philosophy  
                    Warns him of danger.

A picture-book he sets his wish on,  
Feed you with that his squinting vision  
You'll quell prehaps his dark suspicion,  
                    But if by error,  
Some lordly human face you pitch on,  
                    He'll scream with terror.

Once taught full confidence to feel,  
His merry lips will break their seal,  
And laughter issue, peal on peal,  
                    What e'er the rig;  
Inspired with fun, he'll e'en outsqueal  
                    A squealing pig.

Such is our boy of months eighteen.  
Close by, or hand in hand, we ween,  
His winsome sister will be seen,  
    Of weeks as many:  
A girl for travel rather green,  
    But brisk as any.

Her first loud laugh has just come out,  
That gleeful, unexpected shout,  
Whereat her friends, that stood about,  
    Cried all, why! why!—  
'Tis sweet, that little fountain-spout  
    Of infant joy!

Belike the babe, now gone adrift,  
May have some thought about her thrift,  
And make the most of nature's gift,  
    The art of suction.  
Her fingers are her usual shift  
    For self-eduction.

With hand at mouth, she oft is spied,  
Two digits in, and one each side,  
With look so calm and satisfied,  
    And faith so strong,  
The hardest heart might be defied  
    To do her wrong.

More may be thought than can be said  
Of things that in her looks are read,  
And in that capless peachy head,  
    Prolonged behind  
With bumps that kindly influence shed  
    On human kind.

The gladness of her placid eye  
Is like the gladness of the sky  
When vernal shower has just passed by  
    And bathed its blue.  
And, tears of shrub and flower to dry,  
    The sun breaks through.

And well her little brother knows  
The way to soothe her baby woes;  
And oft his gentle nature shows  
    By fond caresses.  
How sweet that tiny prattle goes  
    Mixed up with kisses!

Oh, search this teeming planet o'er  
You'll find no two can please you more,—  
To us indeed they count for four:  
    Each in the other  
Makes double loss that we deplore,  
    And John their brother.

About reward it may be hinted,  
Of what we have, it shan't be stinted,—  
Ay, all the cash that e'er was minted  
    We would not miss, —  
And eke the cash that has been printed,—  
    For Bub and Sis.

THE PARENTS.

January 5, 1839.



## A CHRISTMAS GLEE.

TUNE. — O Pecheur de cette onde.

O music, music sweet,  
    Brother John.  
Now's the time for Christmas joys,  
Now's the time for sights of toys,  
Now's the time for fun and noise  
    For us girls and boys.

O merry, merry day,  
    For us four.  
Once we were in all but three  
Now another sis have we,  
Come to join the merry glee,—  
    Trotting on the knee.

O mother, mother, pray  
    Tell us now,  
Where are all the birds to day?  
Who has scared them all away,  
Birds that sang so sweet in May?  
    Can't they join the play?

Hark! hark! the merry bells!  
Ring ding ding!  
Sleighs are going—there they go,  
Dashing through the drifted snow  
Swifter than the winds that blow  
Whistling round us so.

O sure enough the birds  
Must be gone:  
For the little things would freeze  
In such cruel times as these,  
Perching on the icy trees—  
All except Pee-dees.

They laugh at all the snows,  
“Pee dee dee”.  
All the rest are gone to bed,  
Or to warmer countries fled,  
By their Maker kindly led,  
None, I hope, are dead.

How warm we are around  
“Olmsted’s stove”!  
Tell us not of “dreadful times”;  
Baby-hood has sunny climes  
With such music milk and rhymes,  
Far away from crimes.

O Ellen Martha dear,  
    Welcome here!  
Gladdened by your sweet "ah goo",  
Sweeter than the birds that flew  
When the first north-easter blew,  
    We will sing to you.

And Ellenora too,  
    Let her come, —  
Frances, Sarah — all and sing,  
Make the loudest carrol ring!  
Touch the key and tune the string,  
    Christmas welcoming.

Oh day, of days the best,  
    Joy to all!  
Day that tells of Jesus' birth,  
Bringing peace to all on earth —  
All to him of equal worth —  
    Welcome to our hearth.

To all in shape of men,  
    Christ's "good will"!  
Where the slaves in bondage lie,  
Sending up their bitter cry,  
Let the joyful tidings fly!  
    Let oppression die!

December 25, 1839.

EPISTLE of ELLEN MARTHA WRIGHT to her cousin LOUISA CLARK, with a book.

Dorchester Jan. 14 1840.

My sweet little Coz,

Ever since I have been

At home in this planet of wonders and din,  
Of joy and of glory, of sadness and sin,  
By the splendor of lamp-light I've frequently seen,  
And wondered exceedingly what it could mean,  
That my father was wagging, with flourish and caper,  
The stump of a quill on pieces of paper.  
Now I'll tell you the secret I've ferreted out,  
The mighty great thing that he's busy about : —  
He is writing the talk of all possible creatures —  
Trees, animals, angels, of various features —  
The centiped, quadruped, biped and no-ped —  
That in light have rejoiced, or in darkness have groped  
From the bird of the skies to the double-tongued bat ;  
From the king of all beasts to the pilfering rat ;  
From the bulkiest whale to the tiniest gnat.

Indeed, the great SUN, in his writings I find,  
Holds a talk with a terrible blustering wind!  
They say that these speakers, so widely diverse,  
Act the parts of our species, the better and worse;  
That the lions and foxes, the apes and the owls,  
The mice and the monkeys, the fishes and fowls,  
Have their counterparts human, in coats and in cowls;  
On thrones grandly seated, or seated on stools,  
Consulted for wisdom, or laughed at as fools.  
So a book of these stories, so false and so true,  
I venture to cabbage and send it to you.  
May it serve in some measure to pilot you through  
A world, to us babies, so strange and so new.

( Signed. )

ELLEN MARTHA.

Æt. three months and a half.

## SONNET

### TO THE WIFE.

Inscribed on the fly-leaf of Milton's Poetical Works,  
presented Jan. 1, 1840.

Copartner dear, help-meet in weightiest care,  
Now that our tender offspring number seven,—  
Divided, four on earth and three in heaven,—  
'Tis time to study well earth's pattern pair,  
Not only as they bloomed in Eden fair,  
But as they struggled on from Eden driven  
To woes wherewith all mortals since have striven,  
To woes wherein ourselves, not causeless, share.  
Their tale, a transcript of the war we wage,  
Deep fraught with truth, sublimity unfeigned,  
Here read we on their own bard's glorious page,  
How paradise was lost, our nature stained,  
Till woman's seed o'ermatched the spoiler's rage  
By love, trode down his venom, all regained.

DORCHESTER JAN. 1, 1840.



### HYMENEAL.

Married in Tallmadge, Ohio, November, 2, 1839, Lyman Burrill Esq. of Elyria, in the same State, to Miss Clarissa, daughter of Elizur Wright Esq., of the former place.

Strange years, sweet sister, hurriedly have fled  
Since we together traced, with playful jokes,  
The leaf-strown path that to the school-house led,  
Low, log-built, underneath Dame Nature's oaks —  
Long since in ashes by the 'settler's' strokes.  
And one has fled, to dwell in brighter climes,  
That frolicked gladly in those sunny times,  
And linked our guardian hands—a blessed charge,  
That when we led her made us feel so large! —  
Thy mate, I trust, deserves a heart and hand  
The very kindest—as can testify  
Full many an outcast of our slave-cursed land.  
Long may he live, right well to know, as I,  
Thy worth is that which all the rubies cannot buy.

TO MR. AND MRS. SHATTUCK.

DEAR LOVELL AND MARTHA,

Most gladly would we  
Be present tomorrow to see  
A marriage where hearts will be wed.  
But the days for such journeys are fled!  
So, putting the will for the deed,  
We send you our warmest God-speed!  
God grant that your life-streams, when mingled in one,  
Unbroken, unruffled, unsullied may run :  
May He to your basket, as long as you live,  
In his fullness of wisdom most graciously give  
A wealth that is neither too little nor much —  
His choicest of blessings down-shedding;  
And among them a plenty of such  
As keep us away from your wedding.

ELIZUR AND SUSAN.

NOVEMBER 9, 1840.

## NEW YEAR'S SONG.

For January 1, 1841.

TUNE,—Oh! what's the use of sighing?

Here comes the New-Year smiling  
With tidings to unfold,  
Which, while we're busy toiling,  
Must be speedily speedily told!

If we do not mistake him  
He will be full of sighs,  
Unless we happy make him  
As he rapidly rapidly flies.

We'll give him a warm greeting  
Before his breath benumbs;  
For much he needs a heating  
As he frostily frostily comes.

Of him who very lately  
Has flapped the parting wing,  
Obliged to him so greatly,  
We will thankfully thankfully sing.

For we are here all living,  
We and a sister more,  
A sister of God's giving,  
Who was never here, never before.

Her mother calls her "Wee wee",  
And she is poor and small,  
But smiles on us quite cheery  
As she watches us watches us all.

And here is Ellen Martha,  
Who says, "Pa pretty boy,"  
Round, cherry-cheeked and hearty,  
Full of wonderful wonderful joy.

The honest-hearted yearling,  
So quick at father's praise,  
No doubt is father's darling,  
As he frequently frequently says.

And here is Miss Louisa,  
Our charming little coz,  
Who sits sedate and easy  
As a governess governess does.

She is an only daughter,  
And wonders at the throng  
To which her parents brought her  
For our family family song.

And here is laughing Mary,  
As nimble as a bird:  
To her this January  
Numbers only the only the third.

To have a first rate "froly"  
For her is just the thing;  
So we will be so jolly,  
As to jollily jollily sing.

But honest Charles has greeted  
Three days like this before,  
Though still a baby seated  
On the nursery nursery floor.

We'll all help honest Charley,  
For he can fairly talk,  
We'll help him late and early,  
In his learning to learning to walk.

For all the folks that see us,  
And him behind the race,  
Agree, as one, that he has  
Much the sunniest sunniest face.

Eight days like this returning  
    This John of ours has seen,  
And now is busy learning  
    What full many things many things mean.

You're now but just beginning  
    The work we live for, John;  
Great things await your winning,  
    Going steadily steadily on.

Then up for work and study;  
    The last will make you wise,  
The first will make you ruddy —  
    Seize the double and glorious prize!

So let us spend our years  
    That when the last shall come  
'T will change this "vale of tears"  
    For a heavenly heavenly home!



Lines to Mrs. W. contained in a letter dated Brooklyn, N.Y. Feb. 17, 1841.

When first thy face I saw,  
Dear Susan, in thy prime of youth,  
To tell the simple, honest truth  
I felt thy beauty draw.

For in thine eyes there dwelt,  
And in thy clear and sunny face  
And in thy native artless grace  
That which a stone had felt.

It was a charm divine  
It drew me with a loadstone power,  
It drew me to that nuptial bower  
In which thou shouldst be mine,

It told not half thy worth, —  
It did not tell a thousandth part; —  
Twelve years have since revealed thy heart,  
The richest heart on earth.

The trials of our lot  
Have often made me cross and sour,  
But thou hast sweetened every hour,  
And loved, when I did not.

Thy charms are nursed by time —  
More beautiful thou seemest now  
Than when I pledged my virgin vow,  
And clasped thee, in thy prime.

## LULLABY.

TUNE.—Hark the vesper hymn is stealing—

Hush, my babies; gaily, lightly  
Close your eyes to gentle sleep.  
He who watches daily, nightly,  
Will your lives in safety keep.  
We will trust him—Oh yes.

Fast the light is yielding, fading;  
Night will soon its curtain spread:  
But our God is shielding, shading  
E'en his humblest creature's bed.  
We will trust Him—Oh yes.

Like the tints that, sweetly smiling,  
Linger in the rosy west,  
Dreams of pleasure undefiling  
God will shed upon your rest.  
We will trust Him—Oh yes.

Heavenly Father, let their morning  
Shine more sweetly, brightly still;  
And thy grace their youth adorning,  
May they do thy holy will.  
We will trust thee—Oh Lord.

## THE SUN.

(Astronomy for young ones.)

The sun is warm, the sun is bright,  
The sun is very high;  
There would be nothing here but night  
If he should leave the sky.

He never leaves, though every day  
When we have need of rest,  
He seems to sink and go away  
Beneath the rosy west.

It is not so, say what we will,  
And I will tell you why:  
The sun is always standing still  
While round and round we fly.

And every time we turn around  
Upon this earthly ball,  
First in the east the sun is found,  
Nor does he rise at all.

But there he stands just where he stood  
Before we went to bed,  
And, that which makes it just as good,  
We move, as has been said.

Now if we roast before the fire,  
When shining clear and bright,  
A great round apple on a wire  
'T will show us day and night.

The apple is a little world  
Much like this bigger one,  
And like it it is whirled and whirled  
Around before its sun.

And on the roasting apple's rind  
Should some small fly alight,  
The little fellow soon would find  
His morning noon and night.

The roundest thing so large as that,  
To such a little fly,  
Would seem a country broad and flat  
Before his little eye.

So, very likely he would think  
The apple standing still,  
And then the fire would rise, and sink  
Behind the western hill.

"But ma; that world would be so hot  
The fly would fly away."  
No matter; if he leaves the thought  
You too may go and play.

LUCY JANE WRIGHT.

BORN DECEMBER 31, 1841.

LINES in a copy of LA FONTAINE presented by her to  
her aunt, JANE BAILEY.

The grey-beard Eighteen Forty One  
On me bestowed a smiling sun  
Just as he hid his face and died.  
And you, too, at my mother's side,  
Nursed smilingly my tender form,  
Enwrapping it in garments warm.  
But do not vanish from my view,  
As did the old year from the new,  
If I, dear aunt, should take your name.  
Live, for a thousand years and more,  
Each happier than the year before,—  
You should, if I could cause the same.

## O DANCE AROUND THE LILY-CUP!

One balmy morning brought to light  
A flower all fresh and new;  
Its vase was of the purest white  
And pearled with drops of dew.  
My children shouted at the sight,  
And round it quickly drew.  
Upon the stem that holds it up  
How lovely it appears!  
O dance around the lily-cup,  
But pluck it not, my dears.

If left upon its native spot  
Beneath the pear-tree's shade  
More happy far will be its lot,  
Than if by you conveyed  
To grace the richest porcelain pot  
In which a flower can fade.  
Upon the stem that holds it up  
How lovely it appears!  
O dance around the lily-cup,  
But pluck it not, my dears.



Unthinking mortals madly haste  
    Their appetites to cloy.  
The sweets of life they sadly waste,  
    Too eager to enjoy.  
Things made to bless the mental taste  
    By grasping they destroy.  
This peril will be springing up  
    Amidst your coming years;  
Then dance around the lily-cup  
    But pluck it not, my dears.

SPES CŒLESTIS,

OR THE

HOPER.

Have you heard of a bird  
That built upon the ground.  
O the note from his throat—  
It was a blessed sound!  
Every plume, I presume,  
Upon his glossy vest  
Had been dyed in the tide  
That glorifies the west.  
And I think that the blink  
Of his keen starry eye  
Was a light which he might  
Have borrowed from the sky.  
As I said at the head,  
He built his little nest  
On the ground where he found  
The shelter was the best.  
Early, late, with his mate,

On never tiring wing,  
Just enough of the stuff  
It was his task to bring.  
Crooked sticks they must fix  
To make the outer frame;  
Wool and hair must be there  
To dress and line the same,  
Of the moss and the floss  
They took a little too;  
And the dear hemisphere  
Was done without ado.  
Nothing lay to betray  
Around the happy home.  
Not a track forth or back  
By which a foe might come.  
Rich and long was the song  
The little warbler poured  
In the ear of the dear  
Co-partner of his board,  
While she sat from the cat  
As safe as any leaf:—  
And the brown of her gown  
Deceived the cruel thief.  
Not an eye chanced to spy  
The cherished treasure there  
Till the five all alive  
Burst into open air.  
Now they both, nothing loth,  
Continually flew,

Catching flies, I surmise,  
To feed the gaping crew.  
But alas! ere they pass  
The first delightful week  
There is woe from a foe  
Whose coat is very sleek,  
That a meal he may steal  
He through the bushes slips—  
O the pain of the twain!  
He licks his whiskered lips,—  
And the stain of the slain  
Is all that he has left!  
From their nest so unblest  
They flew away bereft.  
But their grief it was brief,  
Though very very deep,  
For the tune of bright June  
Inclineth not to weep.  
Therefore now on a bough  
High-swinging in the air,  
They essay bright and gay  
Their fortunes to repair.  
In the green quite unseen  
They build lay and hatch,  
And bring food to their brood  
With very great despatch.  
But the oak feels the stroke  
Of the persevering steel,  
For the tree it may be

Is wanted for a keel.  
With a moan and a groan  
And then a dreadful crash,  
Came the fall—and their all—  
It perished in the dash!  
Did they dare to despair  
With such a reason why?  
No; the light was so bright  
Of the open blessed sky,  
That they flew through its blue  
To another world afar—  
And their nest was at rest—  
They built upon a star!

March 13, 1842.

## THE GOLDEN PITCHER.

A FABLE.

Written for JOHN SEWARD WRIGHT, in commemoration of his tenth birth-day, June 5, 1842.

A father once, whose sons were two,  
For each a gift, had much ado.  
At last upon this course he fell:  
"My sons," said he, "within our well  
Two treasures lodge, as I am told,  
The one, a sunken piece of gold,—  
A bowl, it may be, or a pitcher,—  
The other is a thing far richer.  
These treasures if you can but find,  
Each may be suited to his mind;  
For both are precious in their kind.  
To gain the one, you'll need a hook,—  
The other will but cost a look.  
But Oh, of this I pray beware,  
You who may choose the tempting share,  
Too eager fishing for the pitcher  
May ruin that which is far richer!

Each boy ran out his prize to draw,  
But eagerness was checked with awe.  
How could there be a richer prize  
Than solid gold beneath the skies?  
Or if there could, how could it dwell  
Within their own old, mossy well?  
Were questions which excited wonder.  
And kept their headlong avarice under.  
The golden cup each feared to choose,  
Lest he the better gift should lose ;  
And so, resolved our hopeful pair,  
The gifts in common they would share.  
The well was open to the sky.  
As o'er its curb they keenly pry,  
It seems a tunnel piercing through,  
From sky to sky, from blue to blue ; —  
And at its nether mouth each sees  
A brace of their antipodes,  
With earnest faces peering up,  
As if themselves might search the cup.  
“Ha!” said the elder, with a laugh,  
“We need not share it by the half!  
The mystery is clear to me,  
That richer prize to all is free.  
Be only as that water true,  
And then the whole belongs to you.”

That truth itself was worth so much,  
It cannot be supposed that such



A pair of lads were satisfied;—  
And yet they were, before they died,—  
But whether they fished up the gold,  
I'm sure I never have been told,  
Thus much they learned, I take for granted,—  
And that was what their father wanted,—  
If truth for wealth we sacrifice,  
We cast away the richer prize.

## THE HUMMING BIRD.

Written at the request of President Green.

An exile! an outcast! hard toiling in vain!  
But hush, I'm a fool, I'm a fool to complain;  
God of life and of love, was I not on thy breast,  
Thy infinite heart like a father's to me,  
When weary, at noonday, I threw me to rest  
Beneath the sweet green of thy glorious tree?

As there I looked up at thy beautiful sky,  
With heart that was sickened and ready to die,  
A smile seemed to break as of fathomless grace.  
From the depths of the æther of ravishing blue,  
A humming-bird lit on a twig by my face, —  
And the health of my heart, it was kindled anew.

One look full of kindness, and onward he went  
By the hum of his pinions I knew that he meant,  
“Leave sin to the fiends, and especially sloth,  
That suicide sin of the innermost man,  
Thy life is to do, and, as God himself doth,  
Be doing thy part in his infinite plan.”

## THE WASH-TUB.

Dedicated to Mrs. ANN GREEN HOUGH, having been written at her request.

Dear Ann, whose smile would win thee rhymes  
From hearts like Pharaoh's or old Time's,  
How could a tender-hearted muse,  
So sweetly asked, her aid refuse?  
You only ask of mine to sing  
The glories of her native spring,  
That not indeed quite crystal fountain,  
Nor bubbling from some sacred mountain,  
But foaming in a cedar tub  
Beneath a persevering rub,  
From which she rose, in working duds,  
A useful lass, the nymph of suds.  
And sing she shall, this muse of mine,  
Though not a lady like the nine—  
Though dabbling in such "dirty waters"  
As never did Apollo's daughters.\*

\* Alas! they were his sisters! but this was written far from a classical dictionary, which would have knocked in the head an excellent rhyme.

Much injured tub, though some despise  
Thy humble fame, they are not wise.  
Exalted truly is thy mission  
To verify the prophet's vision  
Of robes of linen, white and clean.  
What can thy proud traducers mean?  
Thy works their dainty limbs adorn  
And yet they treat thyself with scorn,  
Deriding thee, to whom 'tis given  
To make our earth look more like heaven!  
Hold on, good tub, to do and bless;  
Thy worth, for one, I will confess.  
I love to toil and watch thy foam,  
Where every bubble is a dome  
More wonderful than that at Rome.  
Piled up, in grace thy arches rise,  
The architecture of the skies.  
Do artist spirits paint them so,  
With heavenly hues that come and go?  
All human artists lag behind;  
Their works are fitter for the blind:  
Poor daubers! with a world of trouble,  
They paint what charity supposes  
Are men and women, buds and roses,  
But never yet a seeming bubble.  
Look there! see that! It grows, it grows!  
With gold and crimson how it glows,  
Knocks all the little ones aside  
And swells with most important pride.

It rivals e'en the glorious dawn,  
Flecked o'er with bars—but there, its gone!  
We stop and muse a little while,  
And down it sinks, the glistening pile,  
Leaves not a wreck its place to show.—  
Thus we and all our works must go.

What was that evanescent pile?  
Was it our Heavenly Father's smile  
Upon our homely, useful toil?  
Why not? He paints the cactus flower  
That blazes in the lady's bower:  
And who shall say 'tis not His will  
To show His hand more playful still  
The washer-woman's heart to cheer;  
A heart to him no doubt as dear?

O woman! of the boons thou sheddest  
On him whom in thy truth thou weddest,  
Thy care to keep him shirted cleanly  
Is never to be thought of meanly.  
The wash-tub, clothe's-line, flats and bars  
I'd consecrate amongst the stars,  
Assigning each a constellation  
In sight of every human nation.  
These symbols of a holy home  
Were better in the azure dome  
Than snakes and goats which some declare  
They see portrayed in glory there.

The man's a fool who thinks this toil  
The beauty of his bride would spoil.  
Far better might his lordship cheer  
His spouse to find her glory here:  
For here it is—here, peace and health,  
And joys that can't be bought with wealth;  
Here strength and rouge, for wife and maid;  
Nor would the thing himself degrade,  
Should he roll up his sleeves and aid.

Monday, about cock-crowing, Nov. 14 1842

THANKSGIVING STANZAS. 1842.

We own no palaces nor acres;  
We own no stock in banks;  
(Of fortune's bag we're not partakers;  
What call have we for thanks?

We do not own the house we live in,  
We cannot pay the rent;  
(Oh sure, the Commonwealth's "thanksgivin"  
For us cannot be meant.

(Our ends have failed to make a meeting,  
Our debts we cannot pay;  
Sure we have little cause for greeting,  
A new thanksgiving day!

But stop, an item I discover  
Which calls for thanks from me;  
I wonder I could pass it over—  
I use the plural, we.

Not as a monarch do I use it,  
Nor as an editor;  
For dignity I don't abuse it,  
For we are eight or more.

Eight, old and young, — eight, strong and living,  
    Compose the pronoun WE.  
No king at his well-fed thanksgiving  
    A heartier set could see.

Though many debts conspire to vex us,  
    Because we cannot pay;  
Thank God, we are not yet in Texas,  
    Nor are we on the way.

Our aims are honest, hopes are fervent —  
    Nought better heaven can give;  
For Wealth is but a lazy servant,  
    While Hope is — where we live.

With honest aims we'll seek our haven,  
    All confident that He  
Who clothes the lily, feeds the raven,  
    Our souls from debt will free.

And He will feed us while we labor,  
    From His unstinted store,  
Raise here a friend and there a neighbor,  
    What could we ask for more?

Then though we own no deeded acres,  
    Nor any stock in banks,  
We own whatever is our Maker's,  
    And we will give him thanks.



## THE FIRST SNOW,

Which fell Thanksgiving day, Nov. 24, 1842.

Hey! what is that which comes so fast,  
All whirling on the whirling blast?  
Four bantlings to the window flew,  
Agog to see a sight so new.  
The snow! the snow!—hurrah! hurrah!  
Such snow—such joy—who ever saw?  
Does some sky-woman pick her goose,  
And have the feathers broken loose?  
Indeed, she picks a thousand geese!  
The stars are picking one apiece!  
And while the young ones laugh and shout,  
The ground is whitened all about.  
“Up with the window, Mary, come,  
That pretty snow, we’ll get us some,”  
Cries “Tiny,” now a three-year-old,  
For any mischief rather bold,—  
And rather green, it must be said,  
The snow, she took it in her head,  
Might serve for flour in making bread.  
Up slips the window, and the snow  
They soon are kneading into dough.  
“A boo’ful cake, a boo’ful cake!”  
Now Mary runs to get a plate,  
For on the stove they mean to bake—  
But, “Oh”, cries Tiny, “it wont wait”!

## TO THE NEEDLE.

Thou burnished, busy bit of steel,  
I do but tell thee what I feel,  
When of the arts of human weal  
    I hail thee queen :  
Thy ministers, the loom and wheel  
    Have always been.

They once enjoyed the fireside gleam,  
When Industry bore sway supreme,  
And wives were more than now they seem  
    In strength and heart ;  
Of late, enslaved by flood and steam,  
    They work apart !

But though thy body-guard is gone  
And thou art left at home alone,  
Thou shalt maintain thy rightful throne,  
    With work to do,  
In spite of patents, be it known, —  
    And tailors too.

Thou hast a patent-right to bless,  
Which yankee wit can ne'er make less ;  
For better means it cannot 'guess',  
    With all its crowing,  
To cure the curse of nakedness,  
    Than simple sewing.

In truth, it is thy glorious feat  
To make creation's work complete :  
And could there be a thing more meet  
    Than that thy power  
In woman's hands should have its seat,  
    And be her dower?

They talk about a bow and quiver,  
Hearts wounded by them to a fever,  
And vows of love to last forever, —  
    Such is the riddle, —  
But love, I think, must sometimes shiver  
    Without the needle.

I envy not the latest fashion  
In which the latest fool may dash on,  
And which the tailor makes the cash on,  
    If but my fate is  
To wear a coat the tender passion  
    Has made me gratis.

What if the fit be not commended,  
Nor be the finish extra splendid,  
If love with every stitch be blended,  
    'T will fit the wearer;  
And even if the coat be mended,  
    'T will grow the dearer.

Show me the wife that's on the watch  
For every little rent or scratch,  
And cures it with a timely patch, —  
    Before you know it, —  
She is a woman fit to match  
    A lord or poet.

Than home no place can more delight her,  
Her hearth is bright, her smile is brighter,  
Her heart makes every other lighter,  
    And his the most  
Whose greatest joy is to requite her, —  
    Her pride and boast.

Here I must leave thee, queen of hearts,  
To shoot thy polished barbless darts,  
And bind the perforated parts,  
    With skill creative:  
Of Paradise thy art of arts  
    Was well a native.

If sin it was that gave thee birth,  
No less for that is now thy worth;  
Against the fiend thou camest forth,  
    Its wrong to mend;  
To shivering mortals here on earth  
    The warmest friend.

While love has happiness to make,  
Thy crown no man shall ever take,  
Thy charm no man shall ever break, —  
At least, no true man;  
Home shall be dearer for thy sake, —  
And so shall woman.

Nov. 29, 1842.

#### A EULOGY

ON THAT GREAT UNKNOWN LIVING DEAD MAN,

MR. JACK FROST.

O do you know an ancient wight,  
A crusty fellow, crisp and tight,  
Whose locks and beard are very white,  
A silver-smith, if I am right,  
Who loves to ply his trade by night,  
Producing then his wares most bright,  
Without a cent for fire or light;  
Himself aye keeping out of sight?  
I'm sad to say he gripes the poor:  
The rich against him shut the door;  
No doubt he is a grievous bore, —  
But on this point I've said enough.  
His countenance, I s'pose is gruff;  
His ways are rugged, rude and rough;  
I'm sure his heart is very tough;

Without a mitten or a muff,  
Or e'en a particle of flinching,  
Just when the cold is sorest pinching,  
Then he's the busiest and smartest,  
And shows himself the most an artist;  
Shows by his works, I mean to say,  
For see himself no mortal may.  
Could I but see him, I would pay  
No trifling tribute in my way,  
(Not surely in the bills of banks,  
But just a rhymer's hearty thanks,)  
For divers of his merry pranks.  
For lately, when we all have slept,  
Up to our windows he has crept,  
And pencilled gaily on the panes  
A wealth of palaces and fanes  
A wealth of glorious warrior plumes,  
And mazes vast of forest glooms,  
Vast armies with their bows and quivers,  
Broad lakes and mighty sweeping rivers,  
Rocks, gorges, grottoes, Alpine mountains,  
Brooks, torrents, cat'racts, jetting fountains,  
Great cities with their glittering spires,  
Volcanoes with their awful fires,  
Tremendous avalanches crashing,  
Niagaras from mountains dashing,  
Old moated castles with their towers,  
And gardens — O what seas of flowers —

Ten thousand forms beyond the powers  
Of Flora's botany to match—  
And all got up with such despatch!—  
Through which the moonlight streaming  
Gives them a silvery gleaming,  
Which makes their bright enchasing richer  
Than e'er adorned a blazoned pitcher,—  
Ay, better done to please us  
Than could be bought by Cræsus.

His feats abroad, o'er hill and dale,  
Are far beyond my power to tell,  
For there upon a mightier scale  
He works in ice and snow and hail,  
He makes the flood a coat of mail,  
And clothes the mountain and the vale  
With vesting softer than the draper's  
Whereon the winds cut many capers.  
But chiefly with the shrubs and trees,  
When he can catch asleep the breeze  
And then a shower contrive to freeze,  
He sports his genius plastic  
And frolics most fantastic.  
Then look for bowers enchanting  
Beyond all human vaunting;  
For arching halls of banquet, spread  
As if to feast the mighty dead,  
And garnished with ten thousand things

That mock the majesty of kings.  
What wealth of feather and festoon!  
What sovereign perfectness of taste!  
What wild profusion without waste!  
O Jack, well hast thou earned the boon  
To be upholsterer to the moon!

But when the sun your work surprises  
As in his cloudless strength he rises,  
Then Mr.Frost you think it wise is  
To scud to where eternal ice is.  
Perhaps old Sol your art despises.  
I wish he'd stop before he tries his.  
Golconda's diamonds fade before the  
Unbounded flood of dazzling glory,  
Where every little bush, in sheen,  
Ontdoes the proudest jewelled queen.  
To tell what wonders I have seen,  
And how enraptured I have been,  
This rhyme of mine is all too mean.  
And therefore Jack, my rhyme must close:  
I love you Jack, as heaven knows,  
Though I have felt your viewless blows;  
Though you have often pinched my toes,  
And sometimes, even, pulled my nose!

Feb. 13, 1843.



## WHAT GOOD CHILDREN DO AND DON'T.

Good children love to please,  
Good children never tease  
    When mother answers no.  
Good children leave their play  
When mother calls away,  
    And when she sends, they go,

Good children always mean  
To keep their faces clean,  
    And wash them when they need:  
And then with smiling looks  
They bring their little books,  
    When mother calls to read.

Their books they do not tear,  
But lay them by with care  
    When they have used them well.  
Good children always try,  
And therefore by and by  
    They learn to read and spell.

Good children do not strike  
And scold and quarrel like  
    The naughty dog and cat :  
A kiss, such children know,  
Is better than a blow,      
    And so they pay with that.

TO ARTHUR TAPPAN WRIGHT.

Born Dec. 29, 1842.

Died Aug. 21, 1843.

He died in Roxbury, in his mother's arms, while his father was in Pittsburgh, on a long journey.

Dear Arthur, babe of sweetest smiles,  
The tenderest mother bathes thy brow;  
But O six hundred cruel miles  
Divide thy father from thee now!

And art thou dying, loveliest boy,  
The idol of six infant hearts,  
Thine eye even now lit up with joy,—  
And is it thus thy soul departs?

Without a struggle or a groan,  
Away from this bright, loving throng,  
Tak'st thou thy journey, all alone,—  
A journey fearful, dark and long?

No; we forget our other three,  
Who from the better world have come,  
And on their pinions wait for thee,  
To bear thy spirit to its home.

This world is green, this world is fair,  
And joyous when the heart is light; —  
But schooled by sorrow, schooled by care,  
How could we stay thy upward flight?

How could we stay thee from a bliss  
Which disappointment never mars;  
From fairer greener worlds than this  
Among the fixed and blessed stars?

Yet when thy ways all come to mind,  
Like bridgeless floods our sorrows swell;  
We would thy gentle spirit bind;  
Our voices choke to say Farewell!

TO MY OWN DEAR LITTLE KATHLEEN.

Written from London in reply to a letter containing an impression of her hand. [ She was born Feb. 9 1844. ]

Well Kate, "five weeks of age," I stand  
To your wee ladyship a debtor, —  
No such young lady in the land  
In correspondence could be better, —  
If not a letter in your hand,  
I have your hand within a letter.  
Why, Kate, that character so queer  
"Speaks volumes" to a father's heart —

To me, thy father, over here,  
In this thronged, noisy, stifling mart,  
Reminding me how sweet and dear  
Are those from whom I live apart, —  
And when I look at it, my eyelids  
Become quite anything but dry-lids.  
That little hand, so soft and tender, —  
Though not, it seems, so very slender, —  
It ought to frolic in my hair,  
And pull my glasses from my nose, —  
Till down I throw my books and care,  
My weary work in verse or prose,  
And dance your ladyship in air  
With half a hundred “up she goes”; —  
I’m sure the ocean is not fair  
To make us act so much like foes.  
Your mother draws no lines about  
Those dawning, sweet, bewitching smiles,  
Which from your loving heart come out,  
She cannot print your baby wiles,  
Nor send across the waves your shout;  
O perish these three thousand miles!  
And perish these slow dragging weeks  
That now conspire our love to cheat  
And let me kiss that hand so sweet,  
And let me kiss those cherub cheeks,  
And “eat you up” as I have done  
Your predecessors one by one!

Lines written while returning from England on board  
the Hottinguer, which arrived at New York October 9  
1844, in 33 days from Liverpool, the writer having heard  
nothing from his family since the 1st of July previous.

Ye mocking winds, O mend your ways  
And waft a wanderer home,  
For whom a wife now trembling prays  
And pines to see him come.

A wife, if sorrow, toil and care  
Have not o'erwhelmed her yet,  
Who has, I'm certain, had to bear  
What woman never met.

When, like a sky-lark, young and free,  
Pure Nature's blithest child,  
Oh! how she gave herself to me,  
And braved the western wild!

The sky was bright, the sky was blue,  
That witnessed from above,  
But not more bright and not more true,  
Than was her plighted love

When in our cup the bitter draught  
Was brimming, year by year,  
Her part and more, she cheerful quaffed,  
And blessed our union dear.

And when to charm our chequered lot  
God sent each cherub child,  
At all the pain she murmured not,  
But through her anguish smiled.

And she has watched the parting breath!  
And robed the lifeless clay,  
And bid her babes farewell in death,  
While I was far away!

The flames around our brood have curled,  
No arm but hers to save —  
Have turned her houseless on the world;  
And I beyond the wave!

Now o'er some dear one deadly pale,  
I see her wasting form;  
While you but idly flap the sail,  
Or brew an adverse storm.

O for her sake now let our prow  
Rejoicing dash the foam,  
Till I may kiss her careworn brow—  
And I will never roam.

HARRIET AMELIA WRIGHT died April 1844,  
after nearly two years of severe suffering from an injury  
of the spine. She was born September 29, 1840.

Dear little "Winnie" fare thee well:  
It was but yesterday thy first cry fell  
    Upon our gladdened ears,—  
Glad to greet thee in this vale of tears.  
    But O, mysterious life!  
Thou hast had a long, long strife,  
For the quick play of hopes and fears  
Has stretched thy little months to years.  
The grasp of thy affection was so strong,  
So vehement thy sense of wrong,  
So glowing were the fires  
Of thy young heart's desires,  
That when they met with coldness or denial,  
It was to thee a strange severity of trial,  
From which, as if thou hadst died old,  
Thy spirit has come forth like gold.  
For as thy frail limbs wasted, day by day,  
And the pale angel summoned thee away,  
    Thy heart grew full of love  
    Like the rapt seraph's heart above,  
And when thy last farewell was said,

Like one, the noblest of the dead,  
To the little throng around thee,  
Ere fell the clay that bound thee,  
Thou didst divide thy bread:  
And as thy soul began to rise  
In thy bright loving eyes,  
This little song we read.

## WINNIE'S PARTING SONG.

Brothers, sisters, mother dear,  
The time has come: good bye!  
God calls me from my suffering here!  
My home is in the sky.

Two brothers and two sisters bright  
Have long expected me:  
In starry halls we meet to night;  
From sin and sorrow free.

Perhaps we shall with cherub wings  
Alight beyond the deep  
To bless our fathers wanderings,—  
Dear mother, do not weep.

Perhaps we may come back to you,  
To cheer your rugged way,  
Though you may fail to see us, through  
This blinding veil of clay.



O take your lots with patient hearts,  
Be always strong in love,  
And then, when you have done your parts,  
We all shall meet above.

Lines written for Mrs. Louisa Clark, in memory of her husband Josiah Clark who died in 1844, and of her daughter Sarah Clark who was born in 1844 and died in 1845.

Like the storm-defying oak  
Before the lightning's stroke  
Laid lowly on the ground,  
With the vine that clung around,  
So, husband, wast thou torn from me!  
For the shaft that severed thee,  
It severed not the vine,  
Alas! for me and mine!

Thou wast taken in thy strength  
From troubles which at length  
Thy spirit might have crushed.  
Therefore be my sorrows hushed.  
The God who took thee in thy prime  
Chose for thee the fittest time.  
To him will I resign  
The care of me and mine.

Hope was ever on thy brow,  
Thy spirit even now  
Seems kindly hovering near,  
Saying, "Courage, never fear",  
That spirit was the gift of God.  
Struck by his paternal rod,  
In grief, shall I repine?  
No, not for me or mine.

He to whom a thousand years  
But as a day appears  
Bids wipe away the tears  
And dismiss all slavish fears.  
He takes to bless its father's sight,  
In a world serenely bright,  
That tendril of the vine  
Just plucked from me and mine.

Through the coffin and the shroud,  
As through the sable cloud  
Doth pass the morning sun.  
We are passing one by one.  
O, soon united, hand in hand,  
A ransomed, happy band,  
Dear Husband, thou and thine  
Shall be but me and mine.

### THE TURTLE DOVE.

Of all the forms the Eternal takes,  
Himself revealing for our sakes,  
Thine is the fairest, lovely bird,  
Thine speaks the sweetest, gentlest word;  
Thine is the very hue of peace,  
From which the Quaker stole his coats,  
Its softness bidding anger cease  
As much as do thy soothing notes.  
And then thy heartfelt tweet-tweet-tweeting  
Is just the voice of love's own greeting.

But why this strange abstraction here,  
So solitary, cold and drear?  
A dove alone is not a dove.  
The unit is the pair in love.  
Our Bold and Molly, two in one—  
His pride so humbled at her feet  
In protestations never done—  
Just make the bird of love complete.  
He, fervid, warms her seeming coldness:  
She, modest, Molly-fies his boldness.

The pretty collar-marks they bear  
Would prove to us that once they were  
The very team the Queen of love  
In harness on her business drove,  
If we beleived, as we do not,  
The classic fables, rather loose,  
Which all the world by heart has got  
From Homer, Virgil, Mother Goose. —  
But sure they know the art of wooing,  
With all its billetdoux and cooing.

And mark its sequel; see the zest  
With which Bold works to build the nest,  
And then the zeal with which he begs  
To take his turn upon the eggs!  
By no means waiting to be asked,  
His pleasure makes his duty light:  
His tender mate is only tasked  
To sit, as well she may, by night;  
While he, by day himself confining,  
Sees Molly free, without repining.

In eighteen days, if things go well,  
The dovelets crack the brittle shell,  
And then what love and joy and pride  
O'erwhelm the parents to provide  
For such a precious, darling pair  
Of helpless, hungry, little squabs!  
Not e'en an Audubon could swear,  
As each its crop to feed them robs,  
Which parent of the two is mother,  
As more maternal than the other.

Now, children mine, weigh well my words  
About these Holy-Bible birds.  
God means their loving duteous life  
To speak his mind of wrath and strife, —  
Of whining, lazy folks, that shirk  
Their share of duty—selfish souls,  
More quick to quarrel than to work —  
To such, the doves should be hot coals,  
To kindle up their cheeks with great red-  
Hot blushes for their wicked hatred.

ROSALIND WRIGHT was born Dec. 8 1848 and died Jan. 1 1851 at half an hour before 1 o'clock A.M. She was very backward in her physical developement, but patient, bright and affectionate — the darling of the whole family.

Our youngest, sweetest, dearest child,  
Whose life two years our toils beguiled;  
The eye that wept for thee was kind,  
But in it pity, O how blind!  
Thy soul, ev'n in a world like this  
Was tempered to a heavenly bliss;  
Thy patience drew a sweet from pain  
And garnered love like golden grain.  
Besides thy parents' love for thee,  
The latest blossom on their tree,  
Nine living loving hearts around thee  
To this our home more strongly bound thee,  
Than any child of all before.  
But, dearest baby, now no more,  
That brighter band, the upper five,  
Have proved too strong for us alive.  
They hovered round thee from thy birth  
And tempted thee to quit the earth;  
Their soft wings fanned thy pallid cheek

'Their glad hearts cheered thy spirit weak;  
And now they've borne thee in their love  
To a better home than ours, above  
Of such a darling heart bereft,  
'We cling to all that thou hast left. —  
'The casket shrined in holy ground  
Beneath the organ's notes profound, —  
'The sun-light picture, snatched from death,  
'Which scarcely lacks of life the breath, —  
The patent gum-elastic rig  
In which thou dancedst many a jig —  
'With Bold and Molly fluttering o'er thee  
From pure affection which they bore thee, —  
'The tiny shoe, the love-lock and  
'That profile of thy parting hand —  
These things—for thee, our Rosa Lind,  
Are more to us than gems of Ind.

TO MRS. GERRIT SMITH.

FROM HER NAMESAKE,

ANN CARROLL SMITH WRIGHT.

My thanks, dear lady, for thy queenly name,  
A name in worth and love so brightly shining;  
I may not carol in the sky of fame,  
Nor smite the chains from limbs in bondage pining,  
But shall I not, in thy sweet smiles reclining,  
Drink in the radiance of thy genial flame,  
And, as I grow, impart the blessed boon,  
Reflecting thee, like some fair planet's moon?  
Yet little thought I, when my father wrote  
That brief inquiry in his hasty note,  
Amidst the caucusing and party strife  
Which raged in nominating me for life,  
By which our little tribe was sorely vexed,  
That I, by such great folks, should be Ann X'd.



## A NEW-YEAR'S PERSPIRATION.

Domestic Muse, not staying by the "stuff",  
Asleep, or at a "table" or a "puff",  
You give, they say, the "Household" not enough.  
Wake up, and you your sluggish self will find  
Three years, and babies more than three, behind.  
Is it enough to furnish Westboro milk  
And little duds that are by no means silk?  
Can you, as Muse, your plighted promise keep  
And never sing the downy brood to sleep?  
There 's Winnifred, a truly Saxon child,  
You should have sung in English undefiled.  
Her destiny, in spite of you, is manifest;  
She "goes ahead", self-poised and self-possessed.  
There's Walter Channing, whose ideal world  
To him is rather better than the real world;—  
And yet with all his lady-winning looks  
Your ladyship 's not put him in our books.  
O Household Muse, I'm sure you should not falter  
To sing so warm a worshipper as Walter,  
For when he gets not what he thinks his due  
He turns and most devoutly jumps to you.  
There's Ida R., we call her sometimes "Oddy",  
I'm sure her eyes might have inspired a body.  
Her lively wit and helpful ways, a model  
To all around when she could scarcely toddle,

Were worth a Muse's marked attention,  
And yet I feel obliged to mention  
Her tongue is backward, which, as we suspect,  
Has come in some degree from your neglect  
Her infant richness, at the proper time,  
To put on record in befitting rhyme.  
But now you have on hand, 'tis all we ask,  
An infant triad and a triple task.  
A new year's babe and two for Christmas came  
Enough to make your fortune and your fame,—  
And you as mum as mummy, O for shame!  
Three babes, unsung, have seen the last three years,,  
And now again to you we turn our ears.

## THE RULE OF THREE.

Tramp, tramp, slow and stately  
Did the mighty years till lately  
    March on to join the ancient Almanacs..  
One with a little child to guide him  
Has haply somewhat quicker hied him,  
    But all were tardy with their heavy packs..

Fate, smitten with the modes in France,  
Resolved at last the years should dance,  
    And most ingeniously she made 'em,—  
Casting about with her uncommon eye  
She matched sweet Ann with Anno Domini,  
    Then stepped he as the baby bade him.

She led him like an elfin power  
Tiptoe o'er snow and frost and flower,  
Until his heart was ripe and mellow  
With Autumn fruits; then came, if I remember,  
Her wee twin brothers, in December,  
Seized heels and sent adrift the fellow.

Then did they three take '53,  
The dancing was a sight to see!  
ANN led him by his snowy beard,  
Each TWINNY drew him by a finger.  
He hopped—forsooth he couldn't linger—  
Till quickly yesternight he disappeared.

This two in one, and one in two,  
To me, indeed, is something new—  
This girl offset by dual boy—  
How? two, or four? It's puzzled I am  
As much as by the case in Siam,—  
My hindmost bump is wild with joy.

As polished wheels that run together  
With neither teeth nor bands of leather  
More like than peas are to each other,  
These two least packages of souls  
Show but the rosettes on their polls  
By which each differs from his brother.

Now if the soul is but the play  
Of atoms in a special way,  
    These souls should be about the same:  
Such consequence seems not to follow,  
Ed's like a blue bird, Rit, a swallow —  
    Distinct the characters they claim.

Rit is a little bit the brisker;  
Though Ed can pull his papa's whisker,  
    'Tis in a manner more endearing.  
Rit's voice is sharp and resolute.  
Ed's voice is softer like a flute;  
    Their duet is "tremendous cheering"!

These boys compose the double ending  
To our fantasia unpretending  
    Which yet has quavered many a bar,  
They mark the fullness of our score  
Though some perhaps may wish for more,  
    Since these last notes will pass at par.

TO CHARLES.

No more that well-known step upon the stairs  
Thy safe return from some long walk declares,  
Thy soul full freighted with a happy thought,  
From pure communion with great Nature brought—  
A thought to kindle in the speaking eye,  
And slowly find its utterance, by and by.  
No more, dear Charles, the beauty of thy brow,  
Like fairest fruit upon a blighted bough,  
Sheds its mild radiance on our little throng,  
As sweetly soothing as a mother's song!  
No, we have looked our last, through blinding tears,  
On the lost bliss of our departed years!  
Heaven called, and we could not forbid thee rise  
To more congenial nurture in the skies.  
No selfish taint, dear boy, defiled thy heart;  
Thou hadst no wish of good from us apart;  
None ever heard thee at thy lot repine,  
But, good or ill, or great or small thy share,  
'Twas welcomed with a smile as prompt and fair,  
As if thou thought'st our poverty a mine.  
But O, we know, when thou didst walk abroad,  
Thou ownedst all within the realms of God,—  
Sea, ships and shore, and all the shells up cast,

Far stretching lakes and dreamy mountains vast,  
Fields, gardens, palaces and cottage homes,  
The gay, glad river, where soe'er it roams,  
And every little winning, witching brook,  
On which a willow, rush or star could look,  
And every gelid, mossy spring, wherein  
The great-eyed frog philosophized in green,  
The beasts, the birds, the flowers were all thy own;  
So when most lonely, thou wast ne'er alone.  
And yet of this thy sovereign right and reign  
There lived no jealous rival to complain.  
Not Envy's self thy title could deny,  
Or rust thy riches with her jaundiced eye.  
Scarr'd ere thy birth by the pale archer's shaft,  
At Death's dread doing thou hast always laugh'd;  
And through these years, with what he left of life,  
Thou'st waged, to win back all, a manly strife.  
Farewell, brave boy, no more the clod of clay  
Shall mock thy spirit's ardor with delay.  
As thou of smallest gifts hast made the most,  
God makes thee swiftest of the heavenly host,  
And on the farther brink our troop in heaven  
Have greeted thee: — "O brother, we are seven!"  
"Come, for we know the way, O brother come,  
"The way to Aunt Clarissa's 'mountain home',  
"Come see how valleys bloom while mountains freeze,  
"Come see the giant brotherhood of trees,  
"The gold, the geysers, and the grizzly bears.

“All napping harmless in their cavern lairs ;  
“Come see how Cousin Birney guides the plow,  
“And Cousin Martha milks the mountain cow ;  
“Come see the berries and the melons grow,  
“For they are sweet and strangely large, you know.  
“And then, with Aunty’s spirit, strong and high,  
“Away to moons, and stars, and suns we’ll fly —  
“Those worlds where once your fancy loved to roam,  
“But where, henceforth, you shall be quite at home”  
Good bye, dear boy, go with the darling troop ;  
‘Twill be the happier, soon the larger group.  
But hie thee earthward, ever and anon.  
The blue, wave-worshipped hill that smiles upon  
Thy humble grave and guards thy cherished dust,  
The cedar, faithful to its sacred trust,  
The oaklet, worth a mention in these lines,  
The birds that sing thy requiem in the pines  
Will gladden all at thy celestial touch : —  
And O, if thou canst read the hearts of such  
As still toil on amidst this living crowd,  
Come hither once again and read aloud  
How much we loved thee, for we fear  
We failed to let thee read it, living here!

Boston, 13 Avery St.

April 26. 1858.

## CONJUX LUCIS.

( A Riddle. )

O bride of brides, beyond compare,  
Thy love's heart's diadem;  
No gold or jewels deck thy hair,  
Thou art thyself a gem!

All else that saw thee when a maid  
Had missed thy priceless worth;  
One heart, upon thy alter laid,  
Chose thee of all on earth.

The swiftest lance, the strongest arm  
Of all the realms above,—  
How could a maid so simple charm  
His matchless might to love?

He launched the worlds, he dressed them gay,  
He worked almighty will;  
And yet as night to him was day,  
Till thou his heart didst fill.

Thou, with thy lowly lot content,  
Unconscious loveliness,  
Didst lie in wait, by Fate's intent,  
His glorious lot to bless.



He joyless ranged throughout the vast  
Of heights and depths profound;  
But when he came to thee at last  
His rapture knew no bound.

Thou drank'st his heavenly music in,  
Thy being mirrored his; —  
Till to the very stars akin,  
Thou seemedst to ray with bliss.

His fountains in the great blue dome  
His jewelled bow and dart,  
His wealth untold—he brought all home  
To thy dear faithful heart.

Nor waneth with the wedding moon  
His flame forever new,  
Nor fadeth e'er a wedding boon,  
But ever grows more true.

Ay greener grow his forests green  
And fresher flowers enfold,  
Ay brighter glows the dazzling sheen  
Of mountains tipped with gold.

And all for thee, thou tender one,  
God's youngest, fairest child;  
And what is best, when all is done,  
Thou art in no way spoiled.

The gladdest day in heaven or earth,  
The books have falsely said,  
Was that which owned thy spouse's birth —  
'Twas that on which he wed.

And now, O gentle wife of light,  
Thus wedded, orb to orb,  
His lot shall grow more full and bright,  
The more thou dost absorb.

He bathes in seas as thou in tears,  
But never mocks thy faith;  
So doubt thou not, though dim with years,  
To rise refreshed by death.

## TO THE TWINS.

The dear departed two! the darling two!  
They came to us, a half-fed crew  
That scarce had room for one; but nothing loath  
We welcomed and had room for both.  
Oh how their starry life-lamps through the murk  
Have cheered us in our heavy work!  
As gaily underneath the lowering mist  
They smoothed the billows which they kissed!  
And in the later sunshine, how have they  
Given double brightness to the day!  
Twin planets, stars of love's own race,  
That knit us all in one embrace,  
And more than doubled all the tender forces  
That kept us moving in our courses,  
Since ye have sunk beneath the golden west  
How dark and lonely are the rest!

Its needs must be, when two such souls were sent  
Some lesson to our own was meant.  
This ill improved, Heaven took them hence  
That sad review might give the sense.  
What self-poised eager progress—each his own!  
What love, that would not joy alone!  
What sadness at the sight of sorrow's tears!

What gladness at the ring of cheers!  
What zest to greet a beauty or a joke  
When genius, wit or humor spoke!  
What appetite to swallow even time,  
And make themselves—"like Pa"—sublime!  
O Eddy, Ritty, must we part with you,  
When all the world has none so true!  
Apt scholars, you will doubtless ripen faster,  
Instructed by a heavenly master,  
And crowds of questions which you asked in vain,  
A more than Pa has answered plain.  
There, some pianist may get Ritty on  
In music faster than our John.  
And Winnie's pencil may not here keep pace  
With Eddy's there, in Art's high race.  
And surely there must be a striving here  
To be more wise and good and dear,  
Or when we go to join the other nine  
Some gentle usher will our place assign  
Far rearward of that darling line!

Boston, 13 Avery St.

April 22, 1860.

Lines written at the close of the first summer after the  
death of the twins.

Bravely, blithely, hand in hand,  
Through the winter's snow,  
Came the darlings of our band, —  
Faces all aglow.

“Now for summer and its joys —  
Hang the sleds away,” —  
But our darling twinny boys —  
Not for summer they!

Double gem on summer's crown  
They deserved to be, —  
On her beauty shining down,  
Stars above her sea.

Interpraising, child to child,  
All the summer flowers, —  
Dancing, wreathed with roses wild,  
In the summer bowers, —

Such had been their bliss before,  
Earthly summers seven,  
Spring their spirits upward bore  
For the eighth in heaven.

Planted on their little graves,  
Two small roses stood,  
Mournful, as the wind that waves  
Through the piny wood.

There they mourned the summer through,  
Each its darling boy,  
Till the autumn showed its hue —  
Gay, gold shroud of joy, —

Gorgeous hatchment, festive pall,  
With the smile of God,  
Saying to the mourners all,  
“Life is from the sod.”

Listening in their rosy way, —  
Clear the voice to them;  
Promptly on each slender spray,  
Grew a tiny gem,

Summer lingered till they bloomed —  
Roses white and red —  
Voices from the dear entombed —  
Tenderly they said,

“See our roses, Mother dear,  
“See our roses gay,  
“Not with sadness or with fear,  
“Do they go their way.

“Doffing leaflets with a smile  
“They lie down and die, —  
“Resting so a little while —  
“Blooming by and by.

“Dying, Mother, is not death,  
“Dying is a Dieu.  
“Roses breathe a sweeter breath,  
“Come from God anew.”

Lines written Dec. 9 1860, the birth-day of Eddy and  
Ritty

The great sky is as lovely and blue  
As when first the sun shone through.  
The great sun is as bright and as new,  
As when it kindled that lovely hue.

But the sunny, sunny boys,  
The sunshine of our joys,  
On this their natal day—  
Oh, why are they away?

The great God who works through the sun,  
In all the years the world has run,  
In all the things that he has done,  
Of brighter things or better has made none,

But the sunny, sunny boys,  
The sunshine of our joys,  
On this their natal day,  
Oh why are they away?



The great God, with the boundless pains he takes,  
O wasteth he the brightest things he makes?  
Destroyeth he the purest of the pure;  
And lets he none but meaner things endure?  
O the sunny, sunny boys,  
The sunshine of our joys,  
On this their natal day  
Why are they both away?

The great God, he worketh ne'er in vain,  
He neither wastes an Abel nor a Cain,  
Of all his spirit-kindlings, it is plain,  
The best the shortest season here remain;  
But the sunny, sunny boys,  
The sunshine of our joys  
On this their natal day,  
They shine so far away!

## THE NEW BLOSSOMS.

Last summer's flowers are faded now,  
Almost from memory's leaves;  
While tardy spring yokes not the plow,  
But o'er the snow-bank grieves.

And yet we will not mourn the past,  
Nor doubt the flowers to come;  
The dingy ice is waning fast,  
The winds are rushing home.

I hear the creak of Nature's loom,  
It vexes all the air,  
It soon will clothe the earth in bloom,  
The fairest of the fair.

But other flowers of other years  
No summer can restore!  
The new can but unseal the tears  
For those we see no more.

The latest darlings—none more sweet  
Were ever Heaven's to give—  
Their lives speed ours with winged feet,  
And may they while we live,

Their budding smiles would melt the ice  
In hearts more cold than ours,  
Their love will be an over price  
For all our helpful powers.

But stealing through these new-born joys  
Comes up sad memory's tide;  
O could our darling twinny boys  
But lead them, side by side!

How glad would be their welcome shout!  
How proud their wondering glance!  
What gleeful hopes to lead them out,  
As partners to their dance!

And will they not, and do they not,  
O we of little faith?  
Is nature's chiefest aim to blot?  
Is life but made for death?

No, death is but the seal of life,  
Its triumph over time,—  
Its rising from a lower strife  
To conquests more sublime.

Lines in a copy of Burns presented to Mary Vashon  
Sewall, Jan. 1, 1861

Of all the Maries, crowned with glory,  
Of all the Maries, famed in story,  
(Of course I dont include the gory  
    Let History blot her,)  
Not even Burns's is before ye,  
    My eldest daughter.

Our darling "Tot", that tottered to us,  
When troubles threatened to undo us,  
And laughed off cares that would pursue us,  
    And led eight sisters, —  
No voice like hers can quite thrill through us —  
    Since we have missed hers.

And you may miss, though you are married,  
The voice that called you when you tarried,  
Of him who rather feebly carried  
    A sort of sceptre, —  
And dart from daughter would have parried,  
    And rather kept her.

But, Mary, he will love you ever,  
With love as powerful as a lever  
Which death or wedlock cannot sever,  
    And so will mother.  
As dear to keep you, we'll endeavor,  
    As any other.

So, bravely try the new relation,  
Its weal must be its own creation.  
And neither side can lose its ration,  
    Its best while doing—  
Each being always on probation,  
    The other wooing.

A happy New Year to you, Mary,  
And all of yours, this January,  
And on, and on, and never vary,  
    As long's you'll take it;  
A hearth too, warm and bright and cheery  
    As Burns can make it,  
is the wish of your fond and good looking DAD—done  
at our palace 13 Avery St. Jan. 1. 1861.

## KEEPSAKE DEDICATIONS.

( In a Bible. )

JOHN SEWARD WRIGHT.

From his father.

Yes, strike the harp, my gentle boy,  
A road to heaven thy music is,  
If thou but drink of David's joy  
And send thy heart to God's, like his.

London, April. 17. 1844.

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( In a Book of Flowers. )

To whom beneath the blue bright heaven  
Should such a book as this be given,  
A torch of Flora's soft and rosy light,  
If not to Mrs. Multiflora Wright,  
By her Husband.

Boston Jan. 12. 1845.

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( In a Bible. )

Presented to CHALES STORRS WRIGHT. by  
his parents on his learning to read, Christmas 1847.

Accept, dear boy, this book, well called Divine  
Truth shines throughout, if not in every line.  
Read wisely and its light shall all be thine.

( In a Volume by Grace Greenwood. )

For Mary V. and Ellen M.  
Two blossoms on a single stem,  
Their Pa and Ma have made a shift  
To raise this single New-Year's Gift.  
'Twas written by a graceful woman,  
Please share it gracefully in common,  
And as you happily unite  
Be sure that time will make  
All Wright.

Jan. 1. 1857.

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( In "Tales of Brittany". )

To IDA RUSSELL WRIGHT.  
From her father, January. 1. 1861.

Her beauty, since last January  
Fell Variole has tried to vary;  
But O, to mater and to pater  
He only made its sum the greater.

## BE HAPPY.

A COMMANDMENT there is so exceedingly broad,  
It reaches as far as the finger of God —  
A commandment, though often forgotten by men,  
As high and as sacred as aught of the ten.  
On the sky it is written in letters of light,  
And the clouds that would hide it, both morning and  
    night  
Are obliged to confess that the writing is true,  
Which they do with a beautiful penitent hue —  
Nay, shout it aloud as, in garments of white,  
They float at their ease in the measureless blue.  
'Tis writ on the numberless leaves of the wood,  
On the light dancing waves of the fathomless flood,  
And the billows that whiten in merrier mood, —  
“Be happy, my creatures, be happy and good.”

Poor toiling immortal, with clouds on thy brow,  
Thy heart overloaded with sorrow and care,  
Look inward: behold, the commandment is there!  
Thy heart is in motion, thou knowest not how:  
Quick currents are streaming and ever returning;  
The fire of vitality constantly burning,  
And systems on systems unceasingly acting —  
A task which, for thee, would be sadly distracting  
The hand that so secretly does for thy sake  
Such a labor, whilst thou art asleep or awake, —



'Tis that of a truly unchangeable friend.  
Then hush for a moment, and meekly attend,  
To the voice of thy pulse while it tenderly cries,  
"Be happy, my creature, be happy and wise."

Faint-hearted immortal, recoiling with dread  
From a future which threatens to drop on thy head,  
While ensconced in the body, a famine of bread,  
And terribler ills in the realms of the dead,  
Look out on the lilies that laugh in the breeze,  
Look out on the larks that rejoice in the sky,  
Look out on the ravens that trustingly cry;—  
Behold, there's a spirit that careth for these:  
And look at the moth, with its glorious wings,  
Created anew from the meanest of things,  
And look at the sport of the maritime bird,  
When the tempests of winter are chillingly heard,  
Outcrying to thee from the shelterless cold,—  
"Be happy, thou creature, be happy and bold."

Poor wandering pilgrim, led often astray  
By lights that are false to the heavenward way,  
Till the landmarks of virtue are nearly washed out  
By the fog and the mist and the drizzle of doubt,  
From the tracks of thy fellows walk sometimes  
abroad,  
And fasten thine eyes on the signals of God.  
In the watches of silence, above thee, behold

The stars in their courses as sure as of old,  
Round leading the seasons, as fresh and as fair  
As when the winged zephyr first frolicked in air.  
Stability firm in perpetual change,  
Is the law they obey in their limitless range.  
And hark, from the depths of the motionless lake,  
Which the aspen o'erhangeth, too drowsy to quake,  
Reversing exactly the canopy blue,  
The voice of its stillness comes sweetly to you,—  
“Be happy, my creatures, be happy and true.”

---

( With photographs sent to Saint Paul. )

Dear Mary, hereabout you see  
What the warm-hearted sun and we  
Have done to make as near as ever  
Some folks whom envious miles would sever.  
The painter of these pictures, though  
So ardent in his art,  
Can't paint the love the pictured bear  
The dear receiver's heart.

JOSIAH ELIZUR WRIGHT died September 9th 1836, at 10 minutes before 10 o'clock A. M., aged 8 months and 9 days. Disease had reduced his delicate form to the utmost, but, till the day before his death, his eye beamed brightly — full of that deep, tender, intelligent affection, which fills a parent's heart with joy. His last playful smile was bestowed upon his brother. He is now, as we confidently trust, in the safe and affectionate arms of that Infinite Life and Love who had already taken home his two sisters, our dear little Susan and Clara.

Spirit of our youngest boy,  
Thy angel sisters call thee,  
Flee to that happy pair —  
Bright bliss awaits thee there;  
No pain shall there befall thee.

Spirit of our youngest boy,  
Thy parents, brother love thee,  
But wing thy upward flight  
To realms of clearer light —  
The loved ones call above thee.

Spirit of our youngest boy,  
We must not longer keep thee;  
Dim films becloud the eyes  
Once radiant as the skies.  
Go love — but let us weep thee.

TO MR. JOHN J. MAY.

Dear Sir, your beautiful bouquet,  
The cowslip and the flour of May,  
Delights our taste in every way.

It beats the South, Sir: —  
Its praise will be for many a day:  
In many a mouth, Sir.

You know, a May-flower once before  
Came out in winter on this shore,  
And comes to mind for ever more.

In bleak December; —  
The flour that now adorns our store  
We too'll remember.

Nor shall the cowslip's sunny bloom  
That warms our hearts in winter's gloom  
Be e'er forgot by those to whom

It came so timely  
Our lips shall say, till sealed by doom  
You did sublimely.

Our little stage is proud to own  
The richest garland ever thrown  
It feels — but finds fit language none  
Its thanks to utter,  
While filled — O not with fame alone  
But bread and butter.

( In the Works of William Wordsworth. )

Dear partner of my toil and rest,  
Of me the sweetest half and best,  
Accept this treasury of a poet's power  
In memory of the painful hour  
Which gave our lonely John a brother,  
And made thyself of five the mother —  
A precious but a parted brood.  
Three are bright cherubs with the good,  
And two are left with us a while,  
Our joys to crown, our cares beguile,  
And to be led in that good way  
That leadeth to the brighter day.

Thou might'st not yield the pearly flood,  
From thine own kind and gentle blood,  
That aye too bounteously was rushing  
With weight oppressive,  
And to the asking lips was gushing  
In streams excessive; —  
Thy nature, dear, is all too motherly.  
To save their mother's life  
To save their father's wife

The wee ones, dear, must live some other way ;  
And well thy tender art supplies  
The task to nature, art denies.  
But thou canst nurse the better part,  
With all thy martyr mother's heart:  
And here is forage mighty mild,  
The bread and milk of thought and feeling  
Which from the mother to the child,  
Will pass almost for Nature's dealing.  
And though our boy may not approach  
The fame of Wordsworth on these shores  
God grant he may not bring reproach  
Upon the blessed name of Storrs.

---

Written on Eddy's card.

"Bow, wow," said the little dog,  
And the squirrel ran away  
"Cut cut quaigh", said the squirrel,  
"You'd have dined to day,  
If you'd had less to say."

( In a book of German poetry.)

Dear Kate, forever blessing more than blest,  
Your natal day deserves from all the rest  
Some token of the heavenly Muse's best,  
    But whether this is such  
    Is quite beyond the Dutch  
        Of me, your father.

Feb. 9. 1863.

#### MY FATHER.

Born in South Canaan, Litchfield County, Connecticut;  
Died in Tallmadge, Summit County, Ohio, December  
15, 1845, aged 83.

My father! Yesterday his pen and plough  
Were equal claimants of his strength and time;  
Newton and Nature shared his thoughts sublime,  
And talk with God, as near almost as now.  
O I remember well his manly brow,  
His peaceful look, and words so few and mild,  
And how he showed me, then a prattling child,  
His tables vast of logarithms, and how  
He called them Napier's army, rank and file,  
To conquer worlds with in the noblest style,  
And bade me climb the height whereon he stood,  
And eased its steepness with the kindest smile.  
My Father! I could brave life's roughest mood,  
Could I but be as thou wast, WISE and GOOD.

Chronotype, Jan. 20, 1846.

( In a copy of Keats presented to John and Mary.)

Almost as soon as time began,  
A rill that through the ages ran  
Was found by men, and all that drank  
Had cause to wonder, cause to thank.  
They thanked and worshipped, as if God  
Would never cause to flow more broad  
That river of the higher life.  
They walled it in with petty strife.  
They walled out waters just as clear  
That bubbled forth from fountains near.

So slow to learn that everywhere  
One life embosoms all that are!  
The eye that sees beyond the real,  
The pen that paints the pure ideal,  
Is something more than just poetic,  
It is a thing divine, prophetic.  
Bright worlds inside of worlds who sees,  
And worlds beyond and after these,  
Is one that lives and is to live,  
In all the worlds that God can give.  
They could not shroud in winding sheets,  
They never can, the real Keats.  
He 's deathless, as his mantic lyre, —  
And so are they who but admire.



A truce to this, the whole of which  
Is not a poem but a preach  
To which the amen is this "etrenne"  
To daughter and sonny, Mary and Johnny,  
With the high approbation and best wishes of their  
Grandfather.

Jan. 1, 1861.

( In an American copy of LaFontaine's Fables. )

TO MRS. SUSAN WRIGHT.

To you, my much-enduring mate,  
This work I justly dedicate,  
Whereof you wrought the greater part,  
You furnished courage, faith and heart.

THE TRANSLATOR.

TO MY WIFE.

Far happier in his style than life,  
Old Jean lacked a loving wife:  
But I, beneath your gladdening smile,  
Am happier in my life than style.

E. W. JR.

TO HENRY BRICHER.

IN A COPY OF BURNS.

Let us thoroughly search through the circle of things,  
From the lowliest man, to the highest of kings,  
To find what of each is the height of its aim,  
In the infinite Oneness from which they all came,  
And we find that the glory is not in the power,  
That the fruit's not the fruit, but the fruit is the flower,  
That the tree yields its best in the height of its beauty,  
That the man, at his best, is a desert of duty  
When his heart blossoms not through a jovial eye!  
When it does, though he be but a swamp-growing  
briar,  
Though his lot be the lowest, no worth can be higher,  
So the big-hearted Burns, from the vulgarest sod,  
Grew the preciouslest flower in the garden of God,  
—or certainly one of the preciouslest, as thinks one who  
grows warm to everything that burns, and offers this  
memento of the great Robert to one who is always  
warm— wishing the happiest of happy new-years —

ELIZUR WRIGHT.

13 Avery street Jan 1. 1861

## A WIFE CHASE.

BY SHORTEFELLOW.

Where the villa-crowned hills look down on the basin  
of Brookline,

Dwelt a squat-looking gentleman. Swift was his brief  
patronymic;

And swift was he, though fat, and prone to go off  
semi-rooster.

A more sudden, impetuous piece of humanity never  
Trode on this go-ahead country, and, thanks to numberless bargains,

Made by himself and his agents, and made by his  
father before him,

In soap, soap-fat, rosin, ashes, and candles of tallow,  
He, in the days of our tale, was but little poorer than  
Cræsus.

Mrs Swift, though thirty, was ten years younger than  
he was,

And loved him next to her splendid mantillas and  
bonnets;

For he to her was as flush as a fountain of gold-dust.  
Proud was he of her looks, as to church he waddled  
beside her.

Chick or child, as a pledge or link of affection  
between them,

Had they none, save a little adopted favorite — lap-dog.

Open to callers, and called on by lots of respectable people,

Snug in their truly magnificent villa, they lived with their servants.

Michael O'Blarney, their coachman, in love with Sally their housemaid,

Of the latter, is all that my story compels me to mention.

Mike O'Blarney, gintalest of drivers, the cream of old Erin,

Loomed up, just like a sunshiny mountain, six feet in his stockings ;

Handy was he, fair spoken, a perfect Hibernian Paris.

Sally was fair, too, a native American maiden from down east ;

Wilted was not she, nor puny, nor sallow, but plump as a partridge,

Fresh as a rose, and always prepared for some mischief or other.

Much do I wish that this maiden had been as honest as handsome ;

But the truth can't be bended as bended was Michael O'Blarney,

Under the glances this easterly maiden shot cunningly at him,

Not over-careful was she, in her love of new fashions and dresses,

Not to appropriate garments that crowded the drawers  
of her mistress.

These unscrupulous notions at last infected her lover.  
Cash for the hay and oats, by a curious process financial,

Lodged in his pocket, his horses meanwhile escaping  
all surfeit,

Thus Michael O'Blarney began to grow wealthy; but  
Sally

Held her nose at a great elevation;—rich as her mistress  
Would she wed; for, could she not cut as much of a  
figure

As any lady that ever wore silk or carried a lap-dog?

"Get rich first, O'Blarney, and then for a honey-moon  
scamper,

Like big-bugs, who take the slipnoose at church in  
the morning,

Cut stick and sleep a hundred miles off in a tavern or  
steamboat"

"Ha! it's me that'll cut the shilela and thravel gintaly,  
Swelling in stages and stameboats and going ahead of  
the lightning,

But if it's you that's along, I doubt if there'll be any  
slaping."

Fortune favors the brave, sometimes, even more than  
the honest.

Mike one morning found in his coach a bundle of bank  
bills

Which Mr. Swift supposed had been picked from his pocket in State-st.

Wasn't he rich, then, in his own estimation and Sally's, With ten C spots besides all his husbanded stable finances.

All condescension, affection and smiles was gay Sally Blarcom, —

Nothing loath entered she into the speediest plan of elopement.

Swift, once mighty in soap and candles, a genuine gospel,

Dirt being sin, and darkness perdition, now gloried in railroads,

Owned in them stocks by the hundreds of thousands and rode where he pleased to.

As he returned from the city of Dutchmen, having since daybreak

Thundered over Taghkannuk and spanned the Connecticut valley,

Plunged through the Commonwealth's vitals and reached the great harbor of codfish,

He, one night, at the Worcester Depot discovered his carriage,

But not Michael O'Blarney, faithfully waiting his coming.

"Here, Mr Superintendent, what has become of my driver?"

"Why Mr. Swift, he brought here your lady, I hope there's no mischief,

And together they took the five o'clock train for the steamer.

By this they're through Worcester. Sir, I hope there's no mischief."

"Mischief! Thunder and Devils! I would'nt believe or suspect it.

But now I remember, I saw as we passed them in Natick,

Mrs Swift's new bonnet, the richest and latest Parisian wonder.

(It cost her an L, by express, in advance of the fashion)  
Must have been hers, for its like is not this side the Atlantic.

Good Heavens! who can be trusted? But I'll follow and horsewhip the rascal:

Wood up, Mr. Superintendent, your best locomotive;  
I'll follow express, by thunder, and catch them at Norwich.

Where's Oatis the ostler? O here, take my horses to Brookline,

I'll be back tomorrow," "Puff, puff." "Whew, are you ready?"

"Ding, dong, whiz, whiz, whiz" — and away flew the choleric engine,

Home jogged the coach and horses, with Oatis for rider and driver.

There he met Mrs. Swift, in a terrible passion and  
pickle.

Swooned she almost, when she saw that her lord came  
not in the carriage,

On account of her new-fashioned bonnet just missed  
from its bandbox,

And then Sally the housemaid was gone no mortal  
knew whither.

COULD a husband possibly be more wanted than  
Swift was?

Loitering, why came his chariot wheels thus slowly  
without him?

"Gracious Gor-ry! Mrs. Swift, this ain't you!" cried  
Oatis the ostler;

"Why your husband supposes you've sloped with  
Michael O'Blarney,

And has chartered a locomotive expressly to catch you:  
This very minute he's pawing ahead like thunder and  
lightning,

More'n half way to New York." "No." "Yes, 'tis true  
as the gospel."

"Gone after ME? O dear! what could have possessed  
him to do it?

Ah, now I see. My bonnet has gone off with Sally to  
wear it,

Jealousy drives him to think my head is the fool's that  
is in it.—



Well, let him go. No, no. what WILL people say  
when they hear it?

Follow him will I , and catch him, and stop this ridiculous nonsense.

Yes, I'll take the next train for New York, and perish  
or head him."

Luckily one cool thousand she had in her pocket, of  
rhino,

Which Swift, generous soul, had given her to settle  
her shop bills.

Packed were her things overnight, and as the still  
drowsy Aurora

Lazily rose and combed the fuliginous locks of the city  
She from her coach, as its door closed, bade Oatis put  
string to the horses.

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum,  
That is, the quadrupeds dashed through the mud on a  
thundering canter.

Just in time at the Worcester Depot sounded the coach  
steps,

Stepped forth the lady, and entered the cars, number  
three in the great race.

"Take good care of the animals, Oatis." "Be sure that  
I will, ma'am."

Back went he, coachman to be for his wife, for the  
gardener and his wife,

Bound were they to good times of it, cracking walnuts  
and champagne.

Rose up the act-drop of morning, from pasture, plow-  
land and meadow,  
Firm stood the hills everlasting, peaceful slumbered  
the valleys,  
Sound slept the lake-flattered ponds underneath their  
misty Dutch blankets,  
But Mrs. Swift didn't see them. her heart kept stroke  
with the engine,  
Thirstily swallowed the miles, as if sick with a fever  
and ague,  
Caring but for her Hub; whom she followed with  
mingled emotions.  
That Hub, Swift though he was, wa'n't sufficiently so  
for his object,  
For, too late by a minute, he reached the Connecticut  
waters,  
On which O'Blarney and Blarcom, already afloat and  
in safety,  
Soon were made man and wife by a clever Connecticut  
parson.  
Much admired were they for their tall and generous  
bearing;  
Passengers gentle and simple all bid them God-speed  
on their travels.  
Speed was the word, for they galloped from steamboat  
to steamboat next morning,  
Trinity steeple receded, and on through the Jerseys  
they streaked it.

But Swift, railroad director, and almost a monarch of  
railroads,  
Balked was not to be, therefore he chartered a casual  
steamer,  
Ploughed o'er the Sound in pursuit, by the light of  
the straggling moonbeams,  
Reached New York, and was told that his coachman  
and doubtless his lady  
Had passed. Lightning called he to his aid, intending  
to head them,  
(He'd have done it before, but the wires had been cut  
for the steamer,)  
Click, click, click, and a constable watched at the Wal-  
nut-st. ferry,  
Whom Mike O'Blarney knocked down with his boot,  
as soon as he knew him,  
And, ere he picked himself up, the tall bridegroom  
was off for the southward,  
He and his bride, for the passengers swore that the  
latter could not be  
Mrs. Swift, the sole lady described in the writ thunder-  
graphic, —  
All which the thundergraph told Swift to put in his  
meerschaum and smoke it.  
But the bonnet, to Swift, was fresh in memory's ward-  
robe,  
How could he, a railroad director, be switched off the  
track thus ;

No, he expressed himself onward, a little too soon for his lady.

She, bringing up at the Astor, all safe, at rather late tea time,

Was informed that her husband was chasing her hotly through Jersey,

So the 10 o'clock night line bore her chasing behind him.

He of course stopped not in the city of brotherly fire-men,

Neither stopped O'Blarney in Baltimore, but for his breakfast,

Booked himself he and his bride there for Pittsburgh, by railroad and red coach,

Onward they steamed it, off to the right at the viaduct turning;

And except running over a cow or two, nothing particular happened.

Happened there something however to Swift, the jealous pursuer.

From a curve coming on to the bridge o'er the Gunpowder water,

With a locomotive a little too head-strong and steamy, They pitched into it bodily; lucky for them it was shallow;

And inasmuch as the train was "express," the delay and the ducking

Cooled but the feverish ardor of Swift, — while him it  
did not cool,  
Such was his genius, he lost but precisely the gain of  
his hurry;  
Steamed into Baltimore he, as O'Blarney and Sally  
steamed out on't.  
Growing more ardent than ever and perfectly reckless  
of rhino,  
He once more expressed himself through to the city of  
Iron.  
Bootless the cost in that latitude, for only the slower  
Moved the asthmatic cow-killer, out of the regular  
business.  
So moved the extra red-coach o'er the Mc'Adamized  
mountains.  
Swift smelt Pittsburgh and dimly discerned its fire  
throated steeples,  
But one day after Sally had dusted its soot from her  
bonnet,  
Cursing the city of blacksmiths, where, per force,  
brides go in mourning,  
And arranging her state room, bound on a trip to New  
Orleans.  
Swift ascertained there the bonnet, and, more in a fe-  
ver than ever,  
Purse-wise, shortened the stay of a base lying captain.  
By one night, and stuck on a "riffle" at midnight to  
pay for't.

How fared madam? The wake of her husband, the sa-  
trap of steam-power,  
Plain lay before her across the late ruffled water of  
travel.

Onward she followed, as fast as the steam and the  
horseflesh could bring her,  
Slept in the palace of strangers that looks o'er the  
Monongahela

All the very same night that her husband slept on the  
"rifle."

And embarked in the morning bound down the limit-  
less river.

Echoed the mountainous banks to the blasts of the  
high pressure engine,

As it sped on its way like a deep-laden deep-swearing  
Titan

Bearing off all the comforts and woes of civilization,  
Passing each other at woodings, Swift and his wife,  
pari passu,

As college folks say, rushed downward, but in cog. to  
each other.

Michael O'Blarney and bride left plenty of river behind  
them.

Their's was the Reindeer, crack boat of the rivers,  
though Michael in truth said,

"Divel a bit of a crack had she from her stem to her  
rudder,"

Tier above tier rose her windows as grand as a cotton  
mill floating,  
Like the playthings of royalty shone her saloon and  
her boudoirs,  
Ladies and statesmen and preachers and buckeyes and  
hoosiers and blacklegs  
Found in her world scope and verge for their several  
vocations and functions.  
Little recked they of all that they passed on their  
serpentine voyage;  
Swept they on by the gay wooded bluffs, and the gen-  
erous cornfields;  
On by the city and village and smoky log hut of the  
squatter,  
Traversing circuitous bendings, defying all points of the  
compass,  
Passing by dangerous sand-bars, by snags and by saw-  
yers and drift-wood  
By the cotton wood island where trees grow up like  
feathery mushrooms,  
By the cypresses mournful, intent upon "poker" and  
"faro,"  
Talking of tariffs and actors and reading the latest  
cheap novels,  
Till there opened before them a mighty amphibious city  
Down into which looked steamers a host that could'nt  
be numbered.

Babel! thy tongues suffice not to teach us the craft of  
New Orleans,  
Either the river or town craft, suffice it to say that the  
Reindeer  
Beat Swift's boat and his lady's all hollow, and Michael  
O'Blarney,  
Now felt permitted to taste of his fortune with Sally  
his dearest.  
Little knew he of his Sally until a bal masque un-  
masked her.  
"Oh dear!" cried as she left it the down-eastern maiden  
that once was,  
"Sorry am I that I ever stepped over the door-sill at  
Brookline!  
Could I return and be housemaid forever, how happy  
should I be!  
O I am sick of being a lady, despised by mulatters!  
I'll confess and repent, and be a good girl, on my hon-  
or."  
"That very same I am thinking meself," cried Michael  
O'Blarney  
"But repinting will do us no good I am afraid with  
the people  
Put to throuble of chasing us down such a sarpintish  
river;  
No, we'll get us a bit of a garden some where about  
Pittsburgh.



There the people are all on a livil, all honest and smutty.

And in all these respicts, we are sure to be equally like them."

Sick of their greatness, embarked then this partially penitent couple,

As the tired fox doubles back from the hounds and the merciless hunter

So doubled O'Blarney beneath the squat nose of his wealthy pursuer.

One plate of soup at the St. Charles, and Swift was bound up the river.

So was his excellent wife, half a day in the rear of his column.

Stemmed the stiff current these three boats through infinite mazes and eddies

Neck and neck bringing up at last at the city of porkers.

There, Madam Swift came aboard the same boat with O'Blarney for Pittsburgh,

Close on her footsteps followed her lord and her master, bound upwards,

"Caught you at last," gasped out Mr. Swift, with a terrible hoarseness.

Shortness of breathing and wrath for a moment o'ercame him and held him

As a corpulent statue, sacred to Fate Apoplectic;

Then looking death and daggers, and huskily whispering his fiercest,

"Not a word here and now, Ma'am; but show me your precious seducer."

"You're he; at least you're half so," replied Mrs. Swift with an unction,

Both eyes brimming with laugh fit to kindle a ware house of coffins,

"And t'other half was my bonnet which led you this foolish wild goose chase,

And there! there! as I live is Sally, in that very bonnet"!

To the feet of her mistress rushed the now penitent Blarcom,

Bowed the slightly soiled bonnet, sobbing beneath it, Crying out, while her mistress's gauze left her hair with the comb loose,

"O Mrs. Swift do forgive me! I wont never do so no more Ma'am,"

"Wicked it is yer honer, I've been," cried Michael O' Blarney.

"Beautiful kittle of soap," whispered Swift, and laughed like a Yankee,

"Ha! ha! ha! We'll sell it a bargain to plot the next novel,

See to my trunk, Mike, and, Sally, you wait on your excellent mistress."

### “THE NEGRO PEW.”

The Sabbath eve was growing late,  
And coals were drowsy in the grate,  
When as I watched their fading glow,  
Strange shapes appeared to come and go.  
Bright castles rose, stupendous, vast,  
And through their portals armies passed:—  
Forth went the pride of Europe fair,  
And Asia's swarthy chiefs were there,  
And darker chiefs with crisped hair;—  
There England's chivalry rode on  
With dingy Cossacks of the Don—  
There Frank, and Moor, and turbaned Turk,  
Marched forth as one to dreadful work!  
Anon they sank—and, in their place  
Rose cities tall, with smiling face,  
Where Life and Death together vied  
And planted trophies side by side,  
Amidst the throngs of mingled race.

Intent upon these pageants rare,  
It seemed that I myself was there.  
Beneath the melody which fell  
From some almost celestial bell,

I entered with a thousand more  
A yet unconsecrated door.  
Both lofty brows unbent from care,  
And brows unfurrowed yet were there,  
And rustling pride of ladyhood,—  
Yes, plumed bonnets like a flood,  
Of more than all the rainbow hues,  
Waved o'er those damask-cushioned pews,  
Nor might you on a single face  
With keenest optics catch a trace  
Of earthly passions low and vile:  
But every where there mildly gleamed  
A solemn, chastened glow, which seemed  
The remnant of an angel's smile;  
But hark! some heavenly music floats—  
The organ breathes its sweetest notes;  
Well might the hardest heart grow soft!  
Anon it bears the soul aloft  
On tones of majesty which rise  
Like winged coursers to the skies.  
'Tis hushed. My heart exults that here  
The soul sits in her proper sphere,  
Exacting tribute of the clay,  
And wielding o'er it sovereign sway.  
Uprose at length the man of God,  
And casting first a glance abroad,  
In words like these distinctly spake:  
"Our COLORED friends some seats will take,

Reserved expressly for their sake.”  
He sat him down, and said no more,  
And then there entered, through the door,  
A swarthy man, with locks like wool,  
His girdle bore a workman’s rule, —  
A carpenter he seemed to be;  
I wot he was of Galilee.  
The sexton bade him take his place  
With people of the ‘colored race;’  
And, giving Cæsar Cæsar’s due,  
He meekly took the ‘negro pew!’

God’s blessing craved, the ready choir  
Broke out in strains from David’s lyre,  
That seemed to usher heaven to earth,  
As did the songs at Jesus’ birth.  
“To thee,” thus ran the solemn prayer,  
“We dedicate this temple fair;  
“O Jesus, make the fane thy care!” —  
Outspoke the swarthy carpenter,  
(To me he wore a godlike air,)  
“Doth Christ,” said he, “approve your plan,  
“Who seeth not the outward man? —  
“Who toiled and preached, and shed his blood  
“To bind the bands of brotherhood,  
“As wide as swept the ancient flood?  
“You parcel out the human race,  
“As if the power of heavenly grace  
“Could save the blackest soul from sin,

"But not the dark complexioned skin;  
"You build the wall that Jesus broke."  
'Twas thus in master-tones he spoke.  
The pulpit-man cut short his prayer;  
The people could but blankly stare.

At length the pastor made reply:

"Were this the proper place  
"To reason such a case,  
"Good reasons might be given why  
"We keep aloof the 'colored race.'  
"But not to broach a subject here  
"So foreign to the pulpit's sphere,  
"Suffice it now that I should say,  
"An ancient custom we obey."  
"Then," said the stranger, "tell, I pray,  
"Within whose walls and garden grew  
"This custom of the 'negro pew?'"  
"In abstract truth, the thing, we know,  
"Is wrong," the preacher said, "but Oh!  
"To break it now would much offend  
"The men on whom we most depend; —  
"As Mr. Proud, and Mr. Rich,  
"Who dressed the pulpit every stitch,  
"And Dr. Pomp and Col. Swell,  
"Who gave the organ and the bell.  
"In thus arranging we profess  
"We love the negroes none the less, —

“We shield them thus from prejudice.  
“Besides, the radical St. James,  
“Among the various things he names,  
“This decent custom nowhere blames.”  
Light beaming strangely from his head,  
The carpenter arose and said  
In tones that might the waves control,  
And yet so mild they won the soul:  
“Of all such arguments beware!  
The proud can not be saved by you,  
For, in the mansions I prepare,  
There will not be a negro pew”  
He spoke—the dome dissolved in air,  
And left me in my easy chair.

### BE JUST AND FEAR NOT.

Rebels against wrong, not right,  
Did our brave old fathers fight.  
But the tyrant eyed their bondmen!  
"Ha! ha! ha!" said he,  
"The game you play on me  
Your own subjects shall set free.  
Be it in white hands or black,  
I welcome every gun more."  
And so he told every lack-  
Land serf and slave, through Dunmore.

Then with a wrath and fear sublime  
Shook the first men of that olden time;  
Shocked were they, in their honest souls,  
And kindled, as the blast kindles coals.  
"Too true, O king, but the truth  
Is not true from thy mouth!  
Shall this sin of ours at our heads be hurled  
By the satan who brought it into the world?  
Who but he freights the slave ships?  
Who but he cracks the slave whips?  
What we'd make better he makes worse,



Grasps the coin and leaves us the curse!

Thanks to thee for a worthy vow,

Greedy old George the blind,

We swear that our quarrel with thee now,

Shall be as broad as all mankind."

Then the big, trustful eyes of Sambo,

Mild and bright as a pitch-pine flambeau,

Saw in Jefferson's face hope's sun more,

Than in the crafty old sconce of Dunmore.

"All right. If not to die in slavery fated,

I'll wait, master." And he waited.

Soon then, at Washington's godlike nod,

Drilling white and black men on Cambridge sod,

It was, one May-day on Virginia's shore,

That a mason, full of Solomon's lore,

And just this much of wisdom more,

His plumb-level and trowel bore

And there laid the first true foundation

For an upright, happy human nation.

Rock-crystal that stone was, clear and flawless,

Showing that lawgivers are not lawless,

But bound firmly, when they strike,

To hit all born men alike.

When the mother of States had laid that stone,

Joyfully met, under a July sun,

Her sisters kissed it and blessed it—every one.

“On such a rock we’re independent.”

And the swords leaped forth resplendent;

Bells set the air in ecstatic motion,

Like a frantic, storm-quaked ocean,

And to make the hail real, tempest louder,

Every cellar’s dirt was leached for powder.

Again the big trustful eyes of Sambo,

Mild and bright as a pine-knot flambeau,

Saw in that just decree hope’s sun more

Than in the crafty words of Dunmore.

“All right. If not to die in slavery fated,

I’ll wait, master,” And he waited.

And he waited. And at first the chain

So slackened it scarce gave pain;

And he helped with the tyrant’s might to cope,

With his big, mild eyes all full of hope.

Ah! woe to tell it, not sic semper,

Not after the tyrant fell,

Not after the jubilee bell,

For the freed master took the tyrant’s temper.

Tighter the links coiled round and round him,

As if an iron anaconda bound him,

Which broke, hounds stood by to hound him!

“Death to their bodies, hell to their souls, who see

Through that crystal rock my bondmen free.”

So the mother of States spake, spite of her crest,

Spite of the true stone her sisters had blessed,  
Stealthily aiming to knock the nation  
Off hers and its own rock foundation.

Struck at thus, where doth the nation stand?

Doth it honestly pay the old broken vow

Planting its feet on the crystal base now —

Or timidly talking of “contraband,”

Hold black manhood’s title from its Creator

Good only if the white tyrant turn traitor,

Treat Bills of Right as pure figments,

Freedom chiefly a question of pigments,

Holding out to wicked States protection

’Gainst the most righteous of all insurrection?

One sledge-hammer blow from its puissant arm,

Doing a mortal fear, but no mortal harm,

Had left the slave’s prison-house no lock.

That heavenly blow is not stricken,

And the blows of the red battle thicken,

And our sons, crying, “Boys, never falter,

Let us lay our young lives on Liberty’s altar,”

Pass through the fire to Moloch!

Blest their pure souls though, as they look from  
the skies,

But shame to the priests who order the sacrifice,

Shame and a curse to the power that does not say,

Before the battle is set in array,

“In the land we add these glorious graves to,

There shall be no slavery, for men to be slaves to.”

In the good God's name, I say, civilians,  
(For ye know well enough, by your statistical  
beverage,  
How freedom shows far the blesseddest average, —  
How what's best for one is best for a thousand  
millions,)  
Ye do but murder on both sides in every battle.  
Till ye proclaim our black brothers men, and not  
cattle.  
Fighting for law, ye'll forever blunder it,  
Till ye knock the traitor's lie from under it.  
Spurn to hell, then, that claim satanic,  
And our hearts shall know never a panic.

## OUR COUNTRY CALLS.

Take down the rusty gun, my boys,  
And grind old Grandf'r's sword;  
To give up what he won, my boys,  
Is what we can't afford.

It shan't be blotted out, my boys,  
The FREEDOM traitors hate.  
The "mudsills" are too stout, my boys;  
The tyrants are too late.

Bring out the biggest gun, my boys,  
You hear the Country's call;  
We'll do as well as one, my boys,  
Whose name is ROBERT SMALL.

Hurrah for Robert Small, my boys,  
Hurrah for Robert Small!  
He broke Secesh's thrall, my boys,  
And came without a call.

His bounty was the flag, my boys,  
The flag that waves for all,  
He sank the rebel rag, my boys,  
Hurrah for Robert Small!

It isn't dross or dirt, my boys,  
That we are fighting for;  
It isn't not to hurt, my boys,  
The imps who made the war!

They've had their day of grace, my boys,  
And filled their rebel cup.  
Its time to meet the case, my boys,  
And turn things right side up.

Secesh is pretty tall, my boys,  
And whipping is its trade,  
But we and Robert Small my boys,  
Can whip without a spade.

Without a pick or spade, my boys,  
But with a rake of fire,  
We'll make a sweeping raid, my boys,  
And sink them in the mire.

The honest, loyal Small, my boys,  
Shall whip the rebel great;  
The flag that floats for all, my boys,  
Has glory for its fate.

We'll serve that blessed flag, my boys,  
Till traitors bite the sod:  
We'll sink the rebel rag, my boys,  
And them, So HELP US GOD!

## THE ENFORCEMENT PARTY IN A NUTSHELL.

PLEASE CRACK IT.

### LINES

Supposed to have been written by a penitent Shadrach-rescuer, after hearing the tender-hearted MR. LUNT and the pious and venerable MR. HILLARD—to say nothing of NORVELL and SALTONSTALL—at the solemn dedication of the Belleverett prayer meeting in Ward XI.

O, Andrew men, Andrew men,  
Don't be so frantic and merry;  
Don't laugh so, and frolic so, when  
The bell tolls so very sad, very.

O, pity the sorrows of Lunt,  
For his sorrows grow bigger and bigger,  
His heart, it will break, if you won't,  
When you can, catch a runaway "nigger."

(For that's the whole soul of the cause;  
That, and nought else, is of course meant,  
When he speaks in his grief of the laws,  
And pleads like a dog for "enforcement.")



And think of that dear, pious soul,  
     On whom Zion's kingdom is pillar'd —  
 That saint on the verge of his goal,  
     The aged and soft Mr. Hillard!

O, pray don't distress his last hours,  
     It is shocking and dreadful to think on,  
 To disturb his devotional powers,  
     By cheering for Andrew and Lincoln.

Don't you see that his sweet woman's heart  
     Is in love with the holders of slaves —  
 Our brethren so awfully scar't  
     By the ghosts that are leaving their graves?

Mr. Hillard will lay all the ghosts,  
     If you only will let him alone,  
 'Till proudly our liberty boasts  
     That slavery is bone of her bone.

'Then will he depart in his peace,  
     Salvation and concord restored,  
 And "niggers" recovered with ease,  
     Being caught in the name of the Lord.

## LIBERTY PARTY.

1840.

Will ye despise the acorn,  
Just thrusting out its shoot,  
Ye giants of the forest,  
That strike the deepest root?

Will ye despise the streamlets  
Upon the mountain side,  
Ye broad and mighty rivers,  
On sweeping to the tide?

Wilt thou despise the crescent,  
That trembles, newly born,  
Thou bright and peerless planet,  
Whose reign shall reach the morn?

Time now his scythe is whetting,  
Ye giant oaks for you;  
Ye floods, the sea is thirsting  
To drink you like the dew.

That crescent, pale and trembling,  
Her lamp shall nightly trim,  
Till thou, imperious planet,  
Shalt in her light grow dim.

And so shall wax the party,  
Now feeble at its birth,  
Till liberty shall cover  
This tyrant-ridden earth.

That party, as we term it,—  
The party of the whole—  
Has for its firm foundation  
The substance of the soul.

It groweth out of Reason,  
The strongest soil below;  
The smaller is its budding,  
The more its room to grow.

Then rally to its banners,  
Supported by the true—  
The weakest are the waning,  
The many or the few.

Of what is small but living,  
God makes himself the nurse,  
While "Onward" cry the voices  
Of all his universe.

Our plant is of the cedar,  
That knowth not decay;  
Its growth shall bless the mountains  
Till mountains pass away.

THE MOTHER'S FAITH.

---

Cried a pale one, "Give me joy!—  
I have borne a cherub boy!"

Borne a boy! The world is full!  
Crammed its game of push and pull.  
You have given that cherub life  
For a gauntlet race of strife.  
If his heart be large and tender,  
Sadly will his means be slender.  
Everlasting duns will push him,  
Poverty will cramp and crush him;  
If his heart be small and stony,  
It will canker with his money,  
Rust will gnaw it through and through,  
Care will vex it black and blue;  
And the wretch, O hapless mother,  
In his wealth will starve and smother!

Cried the mother, God is living,  
Blest the boon is of his giving;  
I will trust him that the boy  
Living shall be full of joy.  
Truth and justice — self-denial—  
Shall prepare him for the trial  
Into which he must be hurled,  
Of a sordid, selfish world.  
Watch will I his opening soul,  
Kindling with the living coal—  
Love to God and love to man—  
Zeal to work his Maker's plan.  
Who shall say this boy of mine  
Shall not as an angel shine,  
Winning to the heavenly state  
Hearts now filled with strife and hate;  
Calling down that better day,  
When the good will bear the sway,  
And the brutal slink away?

Ceased she and her deep blue eye  
Flashed the glories of the sky.  
From her faith not to be driven,  
With a love to angels given,  
Kissed she then that gift of heaven.

### TO MY WIFE.

There is a town, I know it well,  
    Upon the banks of Nashua,  
Where pleasant friends and kindred dwell—  
    Where once I used to dash away  
From dusty school and dusty care,  
The woods and hills with you to share.

What woods! what hills! how blithesome we  
    The tangled flowery path to thread,  
By brook and copse and ancient tree—  
    The path that to the pine woods led—  
Woods dark as night almost by day,  
    As still but for the noisy jay.

Tall were their stems, those stately pines,  
    The carpet at their feet was brown,  
Sprigged off with green and snarly vines,—  
    It trod to us as soft as down.  
True we have seen more stately trees,  
    But never since more gay than these.

And O, that gladsome little brook,  
Whose spring gushed out with such a smile!  
It danced away through many a crook,  
With many a playful, winning wile!  
And in its banks so smooth and steep,  
When tired of play it went to sleep.

That brook it never breathes a sigh!  
Yet while to Nashua it doth run,  
It sees but little of the sky,  
And never, never sees the sun.  
Thou unambitious, happy rill,  
The sun doth drink, the sky doth chill!

We sat us down together, where  
The brook laughs o'er a pebbly bed,  
And watched its joyful current there,  
As on its way it downward sped,  
"Will it run always thus alone,  
No voice to cheer it but its own?

"Look yonder, it has found a mate,  
Another little quiet brook,  
With mossy banks, and course sedate —  
They meet in that sweet, wreathy nook,  
And thence together, blithely run,  
Their streams aye mingled into one.



“This sermon from the loving rills  
Will do, my love, for you and me,  
Now wend we to the breezy hills  
To see what wonders we can see.  
We’ll choose that everlasting one  
Which catches first the rising sun,

And holds him, setting, to the last.”  
Along the winding grass-grown road  
Behind the woody back we passed  
Of Gibbit, (name no good to bode,)  
And up its smooth and long ascent,  
With nimble feet we quickly went.

Reverting ere we reached the top,  
We saw the sheen of Martin’s pond,  
And thought it worth a little stop—  
The trees bent o’er it all so fond  
Of looking at their precious selves—  
The place is wild enough for elves.

We’re at the top! O what a view!  
So beautiful, and yet so grand!  
How stretch the far off mountains blue!  
How soft and rich the chequered land!  
Hath nature suffered art to dress  
The bosom of her loveliness?

See Shirley, Townsend, Pepperell,  
All spread upon the living map.  
See Nashua we love so well,  
Reclining on earth's softest lap;  
Him here and there, a sweet grove breaks  
Into a chain of silver lakes.

The homes of sturdy yeomanry  
Stand thick before us in the vale  
Brave hearts to make the foeman flee,  
Strong arms to swing the peaceful flail.  
O that the lords of southern slaves  
Would mark how Freedom here behaves!

Far down before us, Farmer's Row,  
That gently swelling rise, we see;  
Its grass and fields of hops, you know,  
Are fine as grass and hops can be.  
Fine houses, too, that summit crown,—  
A swale divides it from the town.

And here is Groton—town so fair,  
One wide and graceful curving street,  
With houses on it, here and there.  
And gardens,—all beneath your feet.  
Of spire the new is "orthodox,"  
The other is—the village clock's.

Its churches, houses, barns and shops  
Are brightly painted, snug and neat,  
Its taverns, where the traveller stops,  
Are clean enough to make him eat ;  
Its willows, elms and chestnuts green,  
O, lovelier trees were never seen !

Unheard, a busy hum is there,  
And shouting children, loosed from school,  
Loud frolic, free from thought and care,  
While damsels glide beneath the cool  
Protecting shades—and, presently,  
The loaded mail drives thundering by.

Now, ere the sunshine leaves their brows,  
We'll turn to view our neighbor hills—  
A scene the heaviest heart to rouse  
That ever moped o'er human ills.  
O what a glory God has thrown  
Around these wonders all his own !

Hill behind hill they joyous stand,  
A firm and equal brotherhood,—  
The giant billows of the land,  
They stand where they have always stood.  
Their rounded, scooped, and wavy forms  
Smile, even at the furrowing storms.

Ye hills, when the floods clapped their hands,  
Did ye with joyful echoes ring?  
When fatness dropped upon the lands,  
Were ye the first to shout and sing?  
For ye are full of echoes now,  
And well your tops reward the plow.

This noble hill we stand upon,  
Its verdant slopes, its fleecy flocks,  
Its woody dells, its evening sun,  
Its purest air, its mossy rocks,  
Its flowers that drink the heavenly dew,  
Its boundless ever-changing views—

In grasping to describe, I'm lost,  
O what a splendid hill it is!  
Its praise would many times exhaust  
My slender possibilities—  
So seek we home, across the sod  
Just on thy borders, dreamy Nod.

## FREEDOM'S HOME.

Is Freedom's home built only where  
The laborer wears an iron fetter?  
Are hers the sons that do not dare  
To teach or learn a printed letter?  
Are they her champions, whose swords  
Are pledged to aid the tyrant's halter?  
Who plead for wrong with pious words,  
Are they the priests at Freedom's altar?

The freest land beneath the sun—  
Is it where FEAR to labor urges?  
The happiest land—is it the one  
Where drip the slave impelling scourges?  
And is the home of liberty  
Where millions may not even lisp her  
Sweet name? or where the good and "free"  
Must speak of slavery in a whisper?

Thus may our land in justice claim  
To be dame Freedom's special dwelling—  
There counting lashes, sits the dame,  
And here, the tyrants' votes a telling!  
"With slavery, oh! don't try to cope!"  
We're begg'd by sages who would warn one  
From dashing down "the world's last hope"—  
The last!— and truly a forlorn one!

We trow the world must hope in vain  
From men who make a constant barter  
Of human hopes—who Freedom chain  
In spite of Freedom's broadest charter—  
From men, who, grasping after gain,  
Cry "freemen do not rashly meddle,  
Your abstract truth is truth insane—  
'Twill spoil our glorious chance to peddle."

No! Freedom's home is only built  
Where men are as their Maker made men;  
Where punishment is saved for guilt,  
And crime is all that can degrade men:—  
That home be ours, though tyrants should,  
In madness dare from us to sunder,  
We'll take our chances with the good,  
And let their throats and cannon thunder.

## THE FUGITIVE

The fetters galled my weary soul,—  
A soul that seemed but thrown away;  
I spurned the tyrant's base control,  
Resolved at last the man to play :—  
    The hounds are baying on my track,  
    O Christian! will you send me back?

I felt the stripes, the lash I saw,  
Red, dripping with a father's gore;  
And worst of all their lawless law,  
The insults that my mother bore!  
    The hounds are baying on my track,  
    O Christian! will you send me back?

Where human law o'er rules Divine,  
Beneath the sheriff's hammer fell  
My wife and babes,—I call them mine,—  
And where they suffer, who can tell?  
    The hounds are baying on my track,  
    O Christian! will you send me back?

I seek a home where man is man,  
If such there be upon this earth,  
To draw my kindred, if I can,  
Around its free, though humble hearth.  
    The hounds are baying on my track.  
    O Christian! will you send me back!



ODE TO JAMES G. BIRNEY.

We hail thee, Birney, just and true,  
The calm and fearless, staunch and tried,  
The bravest of the valiant few,  
Our country's hope, our country's pride!  
In Freedom's battle take the van;  
We hail thee as an honest man.

Thy country, in her darkest hour,  
When heroes bend at Mammon's shrine,  
And Virtue sells herself to Power,  
Lights up in smiles at deeds like thine:  
Then welcome to the battle's van—  
We hail thee as an honest man!

Thy own example leads the way  
From Egypt's gloom to Canaan's light;  
Thy justice is the breaking day  
Of slavery's long and guilty night;  
Then welcome to the battle's van—  
We hail thee as an honest man.

Thine is the eagle eye to see,  
And thine a human heart to feel;  
A worthy leader of the free,  
We'll trust thee with a Nation's weal,  
We'll trust thee in the battle's van—  
We hail thee as an honest man.

An honest man—an honest man—  
God made thee on his noblest plan,  
To do the right and brave the scorn;  
To stand in Freedom's "hope forlorn;"  
Then welcome to the triumph's van—  
**WE HAIL THEE AS OUR CHOSEN MAN!**

### THE LIBERTY VOTER'S SONG.

The vote, the vote, the mighty vote,  
Though once we used a humbler note,  
And prayed our servants to be just,  
We tell them now they must they must.

The tyrant's grapple by our vote,  
We'll loosen from our brother's throat,  
With Washington we here agree,  
The vote 's the weapon of the free.

We'll scatter not the precious power  
On parties that to slavery cower;  
But make it one against the wrong,  
Till down it comes, a million strong.

The tyrant's grapple, by our vote,  
We'll loosen from our brother's throat,  
With Washington we here agree,  
The vote 's the weapon of the free.

THE LIBERTY VOTER'S SONG. 161

We'll bake the dough-face with our vote,  
Who stood the scorching when we wrote;  
And though they spurned our earnest prayer,  
The ballot bids them now beware.

The tyrant's grapple, by our vote,  
We'll loosen from our brother's throat;  
With Washington we here agree,  
The vote's the weapon of the free.

Our vote shall teach all statesmen law,  
Who in the Southern harness draw;  
So well contented to be slaves  
They fain would prove their fathers knaves!

The tyrant's grapple, by our vote,  
We'll loosen from our brother's throat,  
With Washington we here agree,  
The vote's the weapon of the free.

We'll not provoke our wives to use  
A power that we through fear abuse;  
His mother shall not blush to own  
One voter of us for a son.

The tyrant's grapple, by our vote,  
We'll loosen from our brother's throat;  
With Washington we here agree,  
Whose MOTHER taught him to be free.

### THE SONG

of a poor mistaken gentleman, who did not discover  
that he was a poet, till he had become a man.

Now fling me down that tortoise-shell  
    Thou little wily muse:  
It from my infant fingers fell  
    Ere it I learned to use—  
Thou stol'st it from the nursery floor,  
    I sleeping there alone,  
And now for thirty years or more,  
    Thou'st played it as thy own.

I plodded on and heaven knows  
    That every thing went wrong,  
— A man of figures, facts and prose,  
    Though made for man of song.  
Oft did I feel the need of vent  
    For struggling sacred fire—  
Unknown my loss, in pain I went,—  
    Oh, fling me down my lyre.

The social, joyous waves, when seen  
    All dancing in their glee,  
Like lambkins, sporting on the green  
    Smooth pasture of the sea,  
The flowers that kiss the lucid rills,  
    The gladly gushing springs  
At foot of everlasting hills,  
    To me are living things.

The everlasting hills themselves  
    For me have had a voice;  
High seated on their rocky shelves  
    I've heard them loud rejoice.  
Why gave my Maker such an ear,  
    If I may never tell  
The glorious wonders that I hear?—  
    Muse give me back my shell.

And I have felt a tender heart  
    At plaint of human woe;  
One look of grief a tear would start,  
    One word would make it flow.  
I've seen sit laughing in the eye,  
    The cherub, human joy—  
My heart leaped out in sympathy,  
    Just like a blithesome boy.

When I have seen the foot of pride  
    Tread on my brother's neck,  
Full loath I've been my wrath to hide,  
    Or prudently to check.  
Aye! I have made a solemn vow,  
    Ye slaves of cruel wrong,  
To take your part. Muse, give me now,  
    That instrument of song.

### THE WAKING MOMENT.

Ye sages who have sought the chain,  
Which binds the spirit to her clay,  
And after all your search remain  
The doubters of an idle play,—  
Some saying that the mind is all,  
And matter but a thin illusion;  
Some that the mind is but the thrall  
Of matter, death the stale conclusion,—  
Oh, have ye marked the moment when,  
From all unconscious sleep,  
This frame resumes the works of men,  
—And scanned its import deep?  
Full oft from busy thoughts and cares,  
And quiet labors of the quill,  
My mind its furlough, unawares,  
Has snatched, against my firmest will.  
Died then the flame ethereal,  
Like that which flickers from the coal?  
Or, did the frame material,



Refreshed, call back its wandering soul?  
Lived there in that quiescent lump  
A power that could resume the chain  
Of thought, when some mechanic bump  
The nice machine should start again?

No, surely, no ; for as I waked,  
And roused me to my purpose high,  
In fullest consciousness, I quaked,  
To see my hand before me lie—  
A clod so passionless and still,  
The helpless bond-slave of my will.  
I felt my body was no part of me,  
A foreign thing and strange,  
A temporal convenience, presently  
To undergo a change.  
I felt my being's full eternity,  
And as I looked abroad,  
My limbs and all that there surrounded me  
Were but the voice of God.  
Oh, what a language for the ear  
Of infantile intelligence!  
So changeless beautiful and clear,  
And so impressive to the sense!  
Truth's self before the spirit's eyes,  
Stands forth all powerless of disguise  
The hands that serve me here so well,  
The orbic windows of my cell,

The nerves that answer to the bell,  
The organs nice of taste and smell,  
The tubes and teguments so fine,  
The joints of workmanship divine  
And all the wonders that combine  
To build and grace the living shrine,  
Are of my being not a part,  
But lines and letters of a chart,  
The first and rudimental guide  
Up to the source of good,—  
Mere parchments to be laid aside,  
When rightly understood.  
Retiring to its chamber hidden,  
From the eloquence of God,  
And sweetly slumbering till bidden  
In new strength to come abroad,  
And heed His teaching as it may  
The Spirit is the real sleeper;—  
Safe by its engine's sleepless play,  
The body only waits its keeper.  
Such sudden, momentary view,  
Like lightning flash from flooding rack  
On the benighted traveller's track,  
Has burst upon me, when anew  
My soul has roused its "mortal coil,"  
And braced itself for human toil.

A moment more, the view is gone; —  
    Lost in a compound entity,  
I blindly grope or hurry on,  
My flesh and spirit seeming one,  
    In almost strict identity.  
Thanks for these loop-holes of a brighter world,  
    These glimpses of reality,  
    These tastes of immortality,  
        While towards its goal  
        The priceless soul  
Is by its frail and rapid chariot whirled.

### LINES

Written in the album of Rev. Mr. Speer, of Albany.

Awaked from an eternal sleep  
Of nothingness are we,  
Afloat upon a mighty deep  
Of shoreless mystery!  
Of things above, around, below,  
How little—little can we know!

But this we know: 'tis spoken out  
By being through its countless ranks,—  
By things inanimate, that shout  
Their Maker everlasting thanks:—  
It forms the highest angel's note—  
Its fills the humblest insect's throat.

The cradle speaks it; and the tomb  
Where loveliest dust hath ceased to breathe  
'Tis echoed upward from the gloom  
That veils from us the worlds beneath;  
But brightest shines from worlds above,—  
The truth, the truth, that "God is love."

### THE SUNNY SOUTH.

O sunny South! the pride of lands,  
Whose joyous spring as Eden blooms;  
Whose rivers sweep o'er golden sands;  
Whose harvests feed a million looms;  
Why looks an anxious world on thee,  
In sorrow for thy destiny;

Thy mountains catch the sun's first smiles,  
Thy balmy gales blow warm and soft,  
Thy ocean kisses loveliest isles,  
Thy matchless eagle soars aloft,  
A glorious emblem of the free,—  
Then wherefore weeps a world for thee?

Thy heroes of the olden time  
Earth's best and noblest deeds have done.  
With sword and pen alike sublime,  
The world embalms thy Washington.  
Why, then, upon thee settles down  
A gazing world's indignant frown?

It is not that thy cypress trees  
Are palled about with sad festoons,  
That tremble in thy languid breeze;  
Nor that, around thy dark lagoons,  
The saurian monsters sport and roar,  
E'en as they did in worlds of yore.

It is, that in those dismal shades,  
Among the rushes tall and rank,  
A trembling, famished wanderer wades,  
Who there, as man, his God may thank  
For such a freedom from the chains  
That chattlized him on thy plains.

It is, that to the kindest breast  
That throbbeth with a mother's heart,  
Two of thy noblest babes are prest;—  
The one shall bear his lofty part  
Where councils sit, or banners wave;  
The other, drag his chains—a slave.

It is, that thou art lorded o'er  
By men who turn an adder's ear  
To every voice, from ocean's roar  
To tiny insect's humming cheer;  
Or sigh of breeze, or gush of rills,  
That speaks of Freedom on thy hills.

It is, that when the joyous sea  
Bore from its Indian isles the song  
Of earth most glorious jubilee,—  
Of Right triumphant over Wrong;  
Midst a world's welcome, thou alone  
Answered the tidings with a groan.

O sunny South! how can it be,  
Thy soil, which ay with plenty waves,—  
In one year gives the fruit of three—  
Should drink the tears and blood of slaves?  
Saith not that generous soil to man,  
That Heaven approves the freest plan?

But who is free of human form,  
Throughout thy wide and bright domains?  
Who free, a generous heart to warm  
With sympathy for all in chains?  
Who freely breathes beneath thy sun,  
And feels its generous promptings? None.

None!—none of all thy chivalry!  
From Pennsylvania's southern line  
To where the golden Mexic sea  
Engulfs the floods of dark Sabine;  
Grim Slavery, like an ebon pall,  
Has settled down and smothered all,

And shall thy glorious sun awake  
No mind responsive to its light, —  
No heart from Error's spell to break,  
In prayer and conflict for the Right,—  
Beneath that sun's unclouded eye  
Shall moral darkness ever lie?

No;—perched upon thy mountain-sides  
Or scattered in thy forest glades;  
Or on the brink of Southern tides,  
Beneath thy golden orange shades;  
Or hid where rolls thy Tennessee,  
Strong hearts are struggling to be free.

Of both thy races, there are men  
Whose hearts beat high, as freemen's should,  
To throttle Slavery, in her den,  
Gloating o'er human bones and blood,—  
And throw his gloomy cells of night  
Wide open to the air and light.

Awake, awake! O sunny South!  
Try what thy strongest chorus can—  
Give every tree and stone a mouth  
To rouse the dormant heart of man;  
While yet the thunders, long delayed,  
Within thy blackening heavens are stayed.



To Rev. John Pierpont; the Poet of Justice and the  
Ballot-box.

My lofty friend, at eighty in your prime,  
You make me think of every thing sublime;  
The arch that smiles at floods and laughs at time,  
The tree on Lebanon, above the pine,  
That sweetens all the "airs of Palestine,"  
Or casting shade on Californian snows  
Looks forth serene where peace unbarriered flows;  
Or peak of Himmaleh that cools the plain  
And by its white head keeps the vesture sane,  
While warmth of heart, sometimes volcanic, awes  
All rebels leagued against good nature's laws.  
I think that saints are diamonds set in God,  
When their theology is pretty broad;  
And since some bloom of godhood there must be,  
That goddest part of God they are to me.  
But ever as the rain drop to its ocean rolls,  
So hie they homeward to the soul of souls;  
I too, for that who fails must try again,  
And he who wastes not matter wastes not men.

Hence when at last the mortal coil you doff,  
To me you never will be further off.  
Forgive an arid proser of threescore  
(In prose confessing twelve months more—and one  
to carry)  
In paying homage to a bard of four,  
These rhymes. Good manners, I have understood,  
As models take the manners of the good.

Your truly ancient friend,

ELIZUR WRIGHT.

Boston, April 4, 1865.









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